



VOL. LI.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1874.

No. 38.

First Insertion (Agate Matter), per line, 25 cents.	
Each continued insertion, " " " "	20 "
Three months, 12 insertions, " " " "	16 "
Six months, 24 " " " "	15 "
Twelve months, 48 " " " "	14 "
Business Notices, " " " "	35 "
Reading, " " " "	50 "

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LEAD THOU ME ON.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

O lead me on; the way is dark without Thee,
Thou great Redeemer from all sin and woe;
Amid life's changes may I never doubt Thee,
But follow still where Thou dost bid me go.

Lead Thou me on, Guide of the weak and dreary;
Be Thou my help when theory is the way;
Without Thy smile my heart is sad and weary,
But hope immortal brightens in its ray.

Lead Thou me on while storms of life o'er-take me;
Then may Thy promise on my spirit fall,
"Lo, I am with thee," "I will not forsake thee."

With heaven-born music 'mid the gloomy thrall.

Lead Thou me on in hours of fierce temptation;
Then may I triumph through the blood divine;
Then may I know the power of Thy salvation,
And in the likeness of Thy glory shine.

Lead Thou me on; there is no guide beside Thee—
No sure, unfailing beacon but Thine own;
If Thou art nigh, whatever may betide me,
Will only draw me nearer to the throne.

Lead Thou me on; O, may the wondrous healing,
Poured from the fountain opened at Thy side,
O'erflow my heart, Thy boundless love revealing,
And wash away the stains of sinful pride.

Lead Thou me on; too long my soul has doubted;
"Come unto me," I hear Thee sweetly say;
Too long cold unbelief my path has shrouded;
Forgive me, Saviour; hear me while I pray!

Lead Thou me on; all other guides would fail me,
Or lead but to the night of dark despair;
Trusting in Thee, when sin's dread hosts assail me,
I press toward heaven; eternal morn is there.

Lead Thou me on, 'mid farewells of the dying,
Whose tired feet falter in the march of life,
Whose brows grow pale, to death's cold couch replying,
Who walk no more amid earth's scenes of strife.

Lead Thou me on while life and song awaken,
In the green valleys, on the mountains round,
When flowers are dead, and forests are forsaken,
And joy bands the songless streams have bound!

Lead Thou me on, O Man of Sorrows, ever,
Thou who didst bear our own upon the tree;
Grant me Thy peace; and may it, like a river,
Flow through my heart from love's unbounded sea.

O lead me on till I have gained the river
Whose surges break on the eternal strand;
Then guide my spirit to the bright forever,
Through golden portals to the sinless land!

OUR CAMP-MEETINGS—WHITHER DRIFTING?

BY REV. I. G. BOWELL.

Another camp-meeting season is ending, and in our judgment a few plain words in reference to camp-meetings will not be out of place just at this time. The season now closing has been one of unusual and exciting interest and developments. Methodist camp-meetings have been talked and written about so largely, that the curiosity of the world and the anxiety of the Church have each been thoroughly aroused, so that the world and the Church are asking, in the same breath, Whither are they drifting? Whither are they drifting? We receive the question. Have camp-meetings, as a peculiarity of Methodism, had their day in New England? Are they drifting radically away from their original intent and character? To each of these questions we are obliged to answer, Yes. This answer, however, is not a condemnation of the institution

under discussion, or an affirmation that it is not still a means of grace in the Church, and an element of good in society.

What have these camp meetings been in the history of our Church? First, and chiefly, they have been vital and tremendous revival agencies; purely these; nothing less, nothing more, and nothing else. They are such no longer, as we all know.—Second, they were seasons of positive religious isolation and retirement. They are such no longer, but rather of publicity and mental dissipation.—Third, they were gatherings which wonderfully unified and familiarized the Circuits and Societies of a local District with each other, and thus created a connectional esprit du corps throughout the District and the Conference. They are such no longer. The camp-meeting, through these three spiritual phases (to name no others), has been one of the most potent factors in the marvelous history of our Church. We are obliged sadly to confess that it is not such now, and that it is drifting radically away from its original intent and character.

We may specify a number of facts which prove the world-wide drift of the camp-meeting. First, the confusing variety of names: "International," "National," "State," "Conference," "District," "Church," "Holiness," "Sabbath-school," etc.; and what new name the next year may bring forth, human foresight may not tell. The camp-meeting is no longer one definite thing; specialties have smothered it. In the thought of the Church it is no longer unity, but Babel.—Second, the cottage system. This system is charming and beautiful in itself, but it has utterly destroyed the coherence and uniformity and family character of Society-life and worship. The members of a Society, parents and children, converted and unconverted, cannot be kept together, or be brought under any regular programme of religious work or worship. The whole effect of a week of such intercourse and personal contact is fractured and lost.—Third, the financial and speculative tendencies of the institution. The cost of a week's sojourn in the modern grove is growing to be so great that poor people and ordinary working families cannot afford to go; and in very many of these places speculators are at work as diligently and as systematically as though they were dealing in city lots or Western lands.—Fourth, feverish publicity; railroads and steamboats emptying and calling their thoughtless crowds from three to ten times a day; reporters from all the daily papers, and quite a percentage of the ministers, "writing up" each preacher and sermon and service in glowing and sensational style; big sermons and big guns; presidential receptions; political mass meetings, etc. etc.—all helping to dissipate serious religious work and worship, and turn the camp-meeting into a religious Babel. It is coming to be the most exciting and distracting week of the year, and a person needs to be thoroughly furnished with grace if he would not be backslidden.—Fifth, lack of sense of moral responsibility. There is no longer any decided Church sentiment or sense of responsibility for the meeting. Pastors and people may be indifferent, or openly opposed; so that camp-meeting is not reckoned upon as a positive quantity in Church operations. It is at the mercy of contingencies, and is supported by a handful of fond saints, who still cling with tender fondness to the good old custom, and by a floating drift of men and women who always turn up whenever there is any unusual stir or gathering.—Sixth, Sabbath profanation. The camp-meeting is the occasion (innocent, we try to hope) of immense Sabbath breaking, and it is a problem over which we need most prayerfully to think and study, whether we can be approved before God in services which even afford the occasion for the abuse of the Sabbath, and the abuse of horses, and the mauling of all sorts of people for curiosity and pleasure and excursions.

But we have the camp-meeting upon our hands. What shall we do with it? Give it up? repudiate it? or give it a new direction, and thus conserve its prestige and power for the good of society and the growth of our denominational influence and strength. There can be but one sensible answer to these questions: We must adapt our methods in camp-meeting work to the changed circumstances and the characteristics of the times. And this can be done, as it seems to us, by frankly confessing that this institution of our Church has had its day in our old and thickly settled parts of the country, and that we propose now intelligently and squarely to change the camp-meeting into *The Summer Resort, under strictly Christian influences and regulations.* Methodist camp-meetings for the masses. Let her select and open summer resorts, on the sea-shore, in the mountains, in the groves, where the people may resort and be free from the vices and dissipation of the world, where rum and gambling and racing and theatres

and balls shall be absolutely prohibited, and where stated religious services shall be held, free to all, and protected for the few. Let her face the world and the devil with such quiet, healthful and Christian resting places.

Then let there be one grand denominational anniversary week, which shall be exclusively filled with public religious services. This week might correspond, in the main, with our camp-meeting week; but at least one part of the day, and two occasionally, should be used for denominational anniversaries. Call the best speakers, and give a whole day to the missionary cause; invite the Sabbath-schools from fifty charges, and have a Sunday-school day; let one service be devoted to educational purposes, and another to the claims of worn-out preachers; let it be understood that the Sabbath services are not for the public (if the meeting be held over the Sabbath), and let every service of that day be devoted to the theme of Christian perfection. Would not all these topics and meetings be in the highest sense scriptural? I would as soon invite sinners to the anxious seat after a good missionary speech as after the average camp-meeting sermon of to-day.

Methodism has its regular annual Conference gatherings for business and ministerial appointments; now let the people have an annual religious convocation in their beautiful denominational resorts, and these gatherings will assume an importance with us somewhat akin to the yearly gatherings of the ancient Hebrew nation. The people might dwell by families, in booths, or tents, or cottages, as they chose, and the Society tent might still be kept for those who would use it, and for the worship and rallying point of the separate Societies; and the whole camp-meeting might be turned into an agency for stimulating and developing the broadest love for souls, and the most intelligent enthusiasm for Church peculiarities and propaganda. It seems to us that this whole subject demands the careful attention of our Bishops and Conferences, as well as of each private member, if we would not have our camp-meetings utterly stranded.

This article will, doubtless, provoke adverse criticism from two sources: From some of our best members, who still cling to the memories of the olden time, and who, while mourning over the decadence of the camp-meeting, feel that it is almost sacrilege to modify it. We sympathize with and deeply respect their feelings, but it does no good to weep what is past, if we cannot get it back. Then, again, there might be a shout from the world, and from some of our sister Churches, as if we had made a failure of the camp-meeting. This is a matter of our own concern; and if at any time we think best to modify our machinery we have a perfect right to do so; we have done so in the past, and probably shall do so many times more in the advance marches of the future. We love the camp-meeting, as an institution of Methodism; but it has drifted radically away from its original intent and character, and therefore we would save it by giving it a new departure, which shall be scriptural in itself, and at the same time in exactest harmony with the characteristics of our Church history, doctrines and manifest destiny.

THE NEW ERA IN EGYPT.

BY PROF. WILLIAM WELLS.

Scientists and travelers are turning their attention towards Egypt, as a country of great promise for the future; and all signs indicate the commencement of a new era. The systematic knowledge that we are yearly gaining from various quarters, is important as a scientific view of the past, and has a practical significance for the present. Among the most recent publications in this field of exploration and investigation, we regard that of Stephen, in his "Egypt of To-day," and "Egypt, its Lands and its People," by Lütke, both German authors, and savans of high repute.

These works are not mere descriptions of the monuments and curiosities of the land, but deal with the present conditions and relations of the country from their practical and intellectual standpoint. The first interesting feature is the account of the rising and falling of the present motley races of the land, composed of Bedonins, Jews, Turks, Berbers, Abyssinians, negroes, and Levantines. With their culture, character, and occupation, is joined the author's view of their significance for the present and future of the nation. Great changes are now taking place in the relations of these different races and castes, and all the conditions of the house, the family, and the status of the women are being greatly changed and modified by the inroads of Europeans. There is little doubt but that Mohammed Ali and his four successors deserve well of the nation for the continued prosperity that has marked its course during this century. The present Viceroy and Khedive has developed a char-

acteristic system of government, for which he is much blamed in some quarters, and praised in others. There is no doubt that he has succeeded in holding the Turk at bay, and developing the country in the sense of European civilization. This has frequently presented the strangest juxtapositions, and mixtures of oriental with occidental forms—the new grafted on the old, and flourishing beside it. But this state of things is inevitable in any change which is not a sudden and total revolution.

Egypt is virtually succumbing to European influence, from the so-called European colony and consular system, from the European schools, and, above all, the European press. These are rapidly gaining in power and influence, so that they are everywhere becoming the standard for comparison. In the matter of religious reform and enlightenment the progress is slow, owing to the innate obstinacy of the Moslem in all spiritual matters. What progress they make in this line is virtually forced upon them, and all concessions are grudgingly granted. They are inclined to dislike about every concession they make in this regard, and annual or decry when they dare. Christian missionaries have therefore no very pleasant or satisfactory time among them, and their own converts can scarcely be protected, even by consular treaties and influence, as we recently developed in these columns.

But this European raid on Egypt has brought its curse as well as its blessing. Society, the press, and business circles are annoyed with a host of adventures of every shade, whose doings are by no means creditable to their origin. It is a convenient country for criminals and idlers to go to, and is the paradise of many of them, who make capital out of their insolence and effrontery. The Khedive is blamed for giving himself into the hands of so many of them, but it is not always easy, amid rival interests, for him to choose wisely those whom he would favor. For a time the French literally ruled the roost in his kitchen and elsewhere; but since the Franco-German war the tide has greatly changed, and the Germans, and even the Americans, are coming in largely. In this latter field Americans are in some measure supplanting the French, while the English, as in the case of Sir Samuel Baker, are controlling the expeditions for the suppression of the slave-trade on the Upper Nile.

The most unprincipled of these adventurers are the Italians, French, and Greeks, as the author had abundant opportunity to know, from a long residence as Protestant clergyman in Alexandria. Their main object is to make money by any process that will effect their purpose most quickly, and the result is a very depraved state of society, which is characterized by gossip and scandal. It is quite natural that the social relations of Egypt, in their transition, should be of a very mixed and doubtful character, and society therefore presents but little attraction to intelligent and cultivated men. The Christian missionaries who go there lead a very isolated life, so far as society is concerned, for they are scarcely recognized by any of the better classes of the natives, and those whom they endeavor to benefit are generally so mercenary that they demand gifts as a reward for accepting the services of their teachers. We may say that even the foreign consuls in these Egyptian cities and ports lead a life of quiet banishment, for outside of their consular colleagues they have hardly any society, and within that circle there is not much in the melody that is very attractive.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

BY REV. EDWARD COOKE, D. D.

Taking a palace car at Appleton, the evening of August 5th, on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, via Janesville, the next morning found us in the "cremation city," two hundred and thirteen miles distant. Chicago, twice burned, is a magnificent metropolis—far more so than our last visit, before the great fire of '70. Taking again the Pullman car, after breakfast, we were soon on our way via Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, for the Rocky Mountains, eleven hundred and twenty-seven miles away. All day long, in a southwesterly direction, we passed through the richest farming lands it has ever been our privilege to look upon. These are now generally settled, and interspersed with growing villages and cities of no mean size. At evening we passed the "father of waters" at Quincy, a thriving city of 24,000 inhabitants, two hundred and sixty-three miles from Chicago. Taking now a nearly due west course, on the

Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, through Northern Missouri, two hundred and twenty-five miles more, the early morning brings us to Kansas City.

Here we cross the broad and muddy Missouri River, and are within one mile of the Kansas State line. Northern Missouri did not impress us as favorably as we expected, the farming lands seeming by no means equal to those we had passed through in Illinois. Kansas City, prior to the late war, was a small border town of Missouri, in the hands of the pro-slavery ruffians; now it is a busy, rapidly-growing city of 33,000 inhabitants, teeming with industry, and full of Yankee enterprise. Here we breakfast, change cars, and, as before, taking a Pullman on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, at 10 A. M. we are off for Denver, six hundred and thirty-nine miles over the plains. All day long we are traveling a due west course through Kansas, passing through Lawrence, Topeka, Manhattan, etc. Kansas does not, at this particular time, impress one favorably as an agricultural State.

After leaving the Missouri River fifty or sixty miles behind, you begin to be sensible that you are approaching the high and arid plains. There is a lack of rain, and the country is subject to terrible droughts. This year to the drought is added a far more terrible scourge, the grasshopper. No one can have any adequate idea of the devastation produced without beholding for himself. Every green thing is stripped, even to the trees, by the swarms of these devouring insects, which fill the very air with clouds. We saw thousands of acres of corn stripped of every fibre, except the bare, dry stalk.

The next morning, awakened by the fresh, exhilarating breezes sweeping over the plains, we arise, wash, and step out on the platform to take a view of—what? We are now out (about midway) on what our school-boy geographies used to call the "Great American Desert." On all sides, east, west, north and south, as far as the eye can penetrate, is one interminable waste. On, on, and still all is one great ocean of desert, with no signs of vegetable life, except the dry buffalo grass. The effect of mirage is such that you will frequently look upon what appears to be a beautiful lake, with its clear waters laving the thirsty shores; in a minute more all is changed, and the dry, parched desert only is before you. We passed here and there a herd of prairie dogs, saw numerous villages of antelopes feeding, and had a glimpse of one stray buffalo, grazing in the distance. These animals used to remain close to the passing train, but they have had good reason for becoming more wary, judging from the stacks of heads and bones along the road, and the piles of raw, fresh skins seen occasionally, ready for shipment.

We breakfast at Wallace, where Uncle Sam has a large fort and military station on the plain, in full view, and whose flag-staff is said to stand just midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This is one of the famous eating places on the plains, and the traveler is agreeably surprised to find here a good hotel, good fare of antelope steak and other dishes, and an elegant flower-garden, watered by spouting fountains, produced by forcing water from deep wells with steam power.

All day long we are still on the open plains, but in the early afternoon begin to catch a view of Pike's Peak, and other towering summits, from eighty to one hundred miles away. The railroad follows the old "Smoky Hill route," and on the south of us, all through Western Kansas, may be seen these hills, forming the divide between the waters flowing into the Platte and the one flowing into the Arkansas River. As we near the mountains large herds of cattle and sheep begin to appear on the plains, watched by herders mounted on Mexican ponies. We are now in the midst of ranches. The Foot Hills now seem close at hand. We are at length, after two days and one night from Kansas City, across the desert; the whistle sounds; the train slackens its speed; and we are in Denver, and find friends at the depot awaiting our arrival.

Denver, Col., Aug., 1874.

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

BY REV. WM. BUTLER, D. D.

M. E. WILSON, 5 Calle de Oaxaca, City of Mexico, Aug. 20, 1874.

I may begin my first letter to the HERALD with an apology to my brethren of the New England Conference, and your readers generally. They will have wondered that I have not sooner broken silence, and informed them how we were getting on with the work for which they gave me up, and especially after their generous resolution requesting me to do so. I don't know how I shall come out with my apology, but I do bespeak their patience and kindly consideration while I try to explain to them, and trust they will see that, under the circumstances, I am somewhat excusable; and above all,

that I am not, and have not been, wanting in respect for my noble and generous brethren of the New England Conference.

And first of all, Bishop Haven's letters, last year, were so many and so full of his Mexican experiences that I felt that communications from me might well be delayed until your readers had had time to digest the "feast of fat things" which he had so abundantly served out to them, as a commencement, upon the subject of Mexico.

Again, I have been long enough engaged in this sort of pioneer work to learn the lesson that first impressions of a foreign people and their circumstances are very liable to require qualification, and that it is no loss to a man, in forming his opinions, or in communicating them to others, to wait awhile till time and opportunity enable him to revise his judgment by seeing all the related facts of a case. He will then speak with more confidence, and more to edification.

Your readers will, I hope, excuse the apparent compliment which seems wrapped up in these remarks for what I may be led to say, now or hereafter, to them; while I hope my good Brother, the Bishop, won't imagine that I am insinuating that anything he said about Mexico was at all crude. His hand holds "the pen of a ready writer," while his power of observation corresponds thereto; and the wonder is that he should be so very accurate, considering the brief and rapid opportunity which he had here.

Another reason was the absorption of time and thought and strength which the opening work here demanded of the superintendent. He had to go into it at once on arrival; and when you remember that traveling in Mexico is not usually performed in luxurious railway cars, and the duties to be fulfilled have to find their medium of expression, some how or other, in a foreign tongue—that stations had to be inspected and chosen, and then occupied, places of worship and fittings prepared, and the machinery of our system set in motion, and all this with the help of only one or two reliable men—readers will find cause for excuse if the first year of hard work had to be gone through and no letter sent to the HERALD, much as it was desired to do so.

Circumstances allowed me, for the first year and a half in India, much more opportunity of this kind. Here our progress has been more sudden and rapid than it was there, though of this more anon; and we have gained ground, and had corresponding toil, from the very first. Yet, after all, I am entitled to the credit of having tried to meet the wish of my Conference, for I sent a communication, containing an account of the year's labors and the positions won, to the last session; but, unfortunately, the mail steamer had a long passage, and my letter did not reach the seat of the Conference till the afternoon of the day when it adjourned—too late; but I did what I could, and am sorry that I failed to be in time.

I need hardly add my last explanation. Since the date of the Conference we have gone through the deep waters of domestic sorrow, and I know the generous hearts of my brethren would not expect my making the present effort sooner than I have now done.—But it seems out of reason to take up a whole letter with apologies; still, it may at least indicate the honor in which I hold the wishes and expectations of my dear brethren, and our gratitude for their confidence and for their support and prayers for our success in the work given us to do. The rest they will kindly excuse.

The two young missionaries who arrived in May are doing well—hard at work upon the language. I hope that within nine months more, or even less, they will be making their first attempt to preach the Word of Life to these people. Our increase during the year has been fully 80 per cent. O, if I only had men—young men, full of God's spirit, to put into the opportunities around me, what a work we might soon have among the Romanists of Mexico! I do not think there is a grander opportunity before the Christian Church to-day than is presented here. The "show adversaries" that confront us now that the devil is aware of its importance, and is moving all his resources to hinder us. But our success in entering into the "wide and effectual door" set before us shows, with equal clearness, that the divine Spirit appreciates the value of the wonderful openings which Providence here presents; and if we prove faithful and courageous in commanding His truth and grace to these millions, He will give us the victory over hell and sin in Mexico.

I shall hope to write again, and request the Church to wrestle in prayer with God for us.

In this perplexed world, the deeds of men may be without excuse; while, nevertheless, in the men themselves there may be something to love, and something more to admire.—Froude.

DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

(Translated from the French of *La Nature*, by J. Fitzgerald, A. M.)

Less than a century ago the savants admitting the earth's motion (some still rejected it) thought the universe was bounded by the frontier of Saturn's orbit, distant from the central sun about 860,000,000 miles; the stars were fixed, spherically distributed, at a distance but a little greater than that of Saturn; beyond this a vacant space surrounding the universe. The discovery of Uranus, in 1785, at once pushed Saturn's orbit out to a distance of 1,900,000,000 miles beyond the space vaguely supposed to be occupied by the stars. The discovery of Neptune, in 1846, again removed these limits to an appalling distance. Neptune's orbit being 2,862,000,000 miles from the sun.

But the attractive force of the sun extends farther still. Beyond the orbit of Uranus, beyond the dark route slowly traversed by Neptune, the fabled wastes of space are traveled over by the comets in their erratic courses. Of these, some, being controlled by the sun, do not leap from system to system, but move in closed curves, though at distances far greater than those of Uranus and Neptune. Thus, Halley's comet recedes to a distance of over 3,200,000,000 miles from the sun; the comet of 1811, 36,000,000,000; and that of 1680, 75,000,000,000. The period of the last named comet is 8,800 years.

Still, these figures can scarcely be compared to those which represent the distances of the stars. But what means have we of measuring these distances? The process consists in making a given star the apex of a triangle, whose base line is the diameter of the earth's annual ellipse; then minutely observing this star at an interval of six months, or, better, for a whole year, noting whether it remains fixed, or whether it undergoes some little appreciable displacement of perspective, owing to the annual displacement of the earth around the sun. If it remains fixed, this is because it is at an infinite distance from us—as the horizon of the heavens, as to speak—and the base line of 184,000,000 miles (which will be remembered as the diameter of the earth's annual ellipse), is as nothing in comparison with this remoteness. But if it is displaced, then we know that it annually describes a small ellipse, corresponding to the annual revolution of the earth. Every one has remarked, while traveling by rail, how the trees and other objects near at hand move in a direction contrary to our own, their speed being greater in proportion to their nearness; whereas distant objects on the horizon remain fixed. This same effect is produced in space, in consequence of our annual motion round the sun.

This mode of measuring the distance of the stars by the perspective effect produced by the earth's annual displacement, was anticipated by the astronomers of the eighteenth century, and in particular by Bradley, who, while attempting to measure the distances of the stars by comparing together observations made at an interval of six months, discovered—something else. Instead of finding the distance of the stars on which his observations were directed, he discovered a very important optical phenomenon, viz., the aberration of light, the effect produced by the motion of light and the motion of the earth combined. Similarly, William Herschel, while seeking the parallaxes of the stars, by comparing bright stars with their nearest neighbors, discovered the systems of double stars, so, too, Fraunhofer, while seeking the limits of the colors in the solar spectrum, discovered the absorption rays, the study of which has given rise to Spectrum Analysis. The history of the sciences shows that frequently discoveries have been made in the course of investigations which had but little to do with them directly. Columbus discovered the New World while aiming to reach the eastern coast of Asia by sailing to the west. He would never have discovered it, would never have sought for it, had he known the true difference between Portugal and Kamtschatka.

Of the thousands of stars which have been studied, we know the distances of only twenty. Among these are Sirius, a sun 2,688 times larger than our own, and distant from us 82,000,000,000 miles; the Polar Star (a double star), distant 292,000,000,000 miles; and Capella, distant 425,000,000,000— a space traversed by light in seventy-one years and eight months; so that the luminous ray which reaches us from this fine star in 1874 must have started in 1803! Capella might have been extinguished in 1804, but we should see it still. It might go out to-day, and yet the inhabitants of the earth would continue to admire it in their heavens until 1946. These are the stars that are nearest to us. The others are incomparably more remote. There are stars whose light cannot reach us in less than 100, 1,000, or 10,000 years, though light travels at the rate of 185,000 miles per second!

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUSTIFICATION.

Is the grace of justification a very little thing?

BY J. H. M.

In these latter days, when so much is being written and said on the subject of sanctification, there is a dangerous and a growing tendency to overlook the true worth and real importance of justification. The prevailing idea of the times was very clearly manifested by the remark of a certain good brother, respecting the religious attainments of one of his neighbors: "Why," said he, "he does not even profess justification!" and the tone accompanying the remark conveyed the impression that justification is a very little thing, hardly worth professing or possessing.

This is a serious mistake, for there is nothing small or mean connected with the pardon of sin. The justified soul is a partaker of the Holy Ghost; he is a child of God, adopted into a royal family; kingly blood flows in his veins; and he is an heir to a crown and a throne. And those who deem justifying grace to be of small account place the standard too low, and think it possible for one to be justified and yet live in a state of partial consecration—that one may be justified, even though some duties are neglected and some sins harbored. But, if you will show us a duty which one may neglect, and retain his justified relation to God, we will show you one which a sanctified soul may neglect, and yet retain its sanctification intact. God does not make one law for the sanctified and another for the justified. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," applies alike to each; and to fall short of complying with this first and greatest commandment is to fall short of justification.

Is it, then, objected, that none but the sanctified can enjoy the blessing of justification? If so, we reply by saying that one may love God with all his heart, even before the work of entire sanctification is wrought—this being, no doubt, the case with those who, according to the light they have, are pressing forward in the direction of heart-purity. One may labor for his employer with all his might, mind and strength, even though hindered in a measure by infirmities of body; and he can do no more than labor with all his might, mind and strength, after those infirmities are removed, although the amount of labor performed in the last instance exceeds that in the first.

The justified man, who feels the presence of inbred sin, has no condemnation because of his having inherited sinful tendencies. Condemnation is the result of neglect to use the means God has appointed in order to our complete cleansing; and, in view of the fact that a fountain has been opened for sin and uncleanness, no man can retain his justified relation to God except he seeks, according to present light, a full restoration to the image of God.

It follows, then, that a truly justified soul loves God with all his heart, and is earnestly pressing forward in the direction of holiness, "counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus." If in this there is anything small and unimportant, we fail to understand the true character and worth of the religion of Christ.

In conclusion, let me say to those who are seeking the grace of entire sanctification, be sure that your backslidings are all healed, and that you have the witness of your sonship; and then, in the light of this, which you will find to be a blessed experience, "go on to perfection."

HEART-TRouble, AND ITS CURE.

BY REV. H. C. FARRAR, A. B.

O, precious words of Jesus, the Man of Sorrows: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe in Me!"—this, in face of the Old Testament declaration, backed up by almost every human experience, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Eliphaz and Jesus; the old and the new; the legal and spiritual; shadows and full meridian sunlight! It was no difficult task which to choose; yet, trouble, trouble is to-day our earthly heritage. And how certain the heirship. There is no breaking of this will. No lawyer is keen enough to disinherit his client by long delays and heavy costs. Some poet, in a simple line, has couched the true thought:—

"On all humanity rests the curse of tears." Bitter, burning tears run from every eye; they stain every cheek; they wet every pillow; on every infant head the first baptism is a mother's tears. Trouble! how it follows us from cradle to grave, as a gaunt wolf hounding its prey! How it hies us to the dark prison-house of sorrow, as the stern sheriff marches his victim to the cell, in spite of protestations from dependent wife and hopeless children. Personal troubles, from within and from without; troubles domestic, commercial, social, coming because of neighborhood and State, because of thoughtlessness, foolishness, mistakes, errors, and sins; troubles real and imaginary! Their name is legion, and the sorrow they bring a real, heart-aching sorrow. I seem to hear the long, low wail of woe that comes, in minor key, from aching hearts, from crushed spirits, from wronged and injured ones. It comes from the rude log hut, away out on the frontier; it comes from the Fifth Avenue mansion, from the royal palace, from every whither! But hark!

I hear strange words; they break upon our ear as broke the angel-song upon the quiet, watching shepherds: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God; believe in Me!" Delightful indeed, after the long, angry storm, is the quiet stillness and beautiful sunlight! Most precious, after long, sharp paroxysms of pain, is the ease and the sweet resting sleep.

The Governor's pardon, seized by the poor imprisoned and condemned one, who, for conflicting feelings of hope and despair, life and death, can hardly believe it real; so we, earth-troubled ones, take this strange passage of the Lord Jesus, and for the struggle of faith and doubt can with difficulty persuade ourselves that it is divinely true. Yet so it is; the words are plain, and the thought is clear: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in Me!" The great secret of the world is trouble; and its great cure is faith in Jesus. The true cause of all our heart-troubles is the want of harmony between our wills and God's will; the conflict is caused by want of faith. A perfect faith brings perfect accord and concord, while the absence of trust brings discord. It did so to Adam and Eve. It was not the fruit they ate that brought woe and wasting; it was lack of that; it was lack of faith in God. You cannot seduce a man into wrong doing until you shake his faith in God. This done, he is as a star swung from its orbit; there is for him nothing but destruction, unless divine power be interposed for his reinstatement.

This interposition of divine power is the history of the incarnation. Jesus says, "Believe in Me!" Simple belief in God never cured heart trouble; "the devils believe and tremble." What is there in this belief in Jesus Christ that neutralizes heart-trouble? He says, "Believe in Me"—not in a dogma, nor creed, nor code, nor Church—"in Me!" How intensely personal. And this personality of Jesus is everywhere marked and manifest. And since it is so, how precious to the world! It is because Christ founded His religion upon His own personality that it comes to pass the simplest souls may be as religious as the most learned; the child may be equally devout with the parent; the plebeian as the philosopher.

We believe in Jesus for what He is. He affirms Himself to be the Saviour; He came to save; He taught to save. Through Him alone comes salvation. His love was the inducing cause. He loved Jesus to incarnate Himself; it could have been no selfish love; it was as pure as heaven, as lasting as eternity, as mighty as omnipotence. How it breaks in upon our heart-troubles to know that our Saviour has such a love for us—just as strong and mighty to-day as when He laid down His life for humanity. We can come to Him now with the same assurance that Jairus came to Him and besought Him to heal his daughter. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Then, too, He is the Governor of the universe. This He declares: "All power on earth and in heaven is given unto Me." He had power over nature, for He bade the raging Galilee be still; He had power over disease—He cured many; He had power over death—He called back three from the realms of the monster.

He has all power. The realm of providence in all creation is ruled over by the Man Christ Jesus, my Brother, the representative of our humanity. He who took babes in His arms, holds the worlds in their orbits; He who spoke such tender words to the weak and sorrowing, speaks the word of command to the seasons; He who fed the hungry, opens His hand and satisfies the want of every living thing. I look up into yonder vaulted arch, and it is not all empty space. No; for by the telescopic eye of faith I behold my dearest Friend, sitting and clothed in majesty, ruling the universe in the interests of His own kingdom.

Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice; not a babe dies from our households but He saw it, and gave permission to death to do his fatal work; not an hour of our life but He has been busy with His providences to bless and help and save. O, what if I cannot know all, or see all? What if all is not clear? Can I not trust in One so good and so merciful? Can I not leave it all to His judgment and love?

To me, the thought that Jesus is my Saviour, and the Governor of all things, and mediates between my soul and the Father, is most precious, and most surely dissipates my heart-troubles. I believe, and have peace and rest! Without Jesus my heart is like Galilee, night-bound and storm-lashed. The dark tempest presses heavily upon me. But let Jesus come, and He speaks His benediction of "peace" to my soul, and then He calms the elements; first, an assurance of His love, then a manifestation of His power.

Troubled one, remember Jesus has "gone to prepare a place for you." Bear it in mind. "If it were not so, I would have told you!" "I will come again"—when? Not of His second advent does He speak; then He will come, and every eye shall see Him. But He speaks of what is of more personal concern to each one: "I will come again and receive you unto Myself." He will come when we lie on the bed of death. Death shall not surprise Him; it may us. Death is His servant, and but does the bidding of His Master. No matter where I die, or when; Jesus tells me that when I die He will come and re-

ceive me to Himself! O, blessed thought! How heart-trouble flies, as the shadows of night before the breaking day.

Reader, are you troubled? Are the sorrows of your heart many? List to the voice of Jesus, the Man of Sorrows, and the One acquainted with grief. He speaks: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe in Me." Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you shall find that belief producing a perfect cure of the heart's troubles. Try it!

North Adams, Mass., Sept. 5, 1874.

"THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

BY REV. NEWELL CULVER.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

The vast financial resources providentially placed in the hands of Protestant Christian nations, the influx of numerous and various foreigners to our shores, and the revival of the spirit of Christian union among evangelical Churches, are among the important "signs of the times." Let us consider "The vast financial resources in the hands of Protestant nations." The two most important Protestant nations are Great Britain and the United States. These are, perhaps, the richest financially in the world. Their domains extend over the most desirable portions of the earth, and their opportunities are the best for extending Christian civilization among mankind, of any people. Is it not a singular coincidence that the exhausted gold mines of California and Australia were kept hid from the world until they fell into the hands of two Protestant nations, and then immediately discovered? The worldly mind may see no hand of God in these singular coincidences; but the Christian, standing at the foot of the cross of the world's Redeemer, and remembering that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," that "the gold and the silver are His also," and that His Church "shall eat the riches of the Gentiles," can, by faith, behold the divine Hand in these providential developments.

Prussia, another Protestant nation, is also just now taking her place along side the other powerful Protestant nations. She has subdued her foes, conquered proud Catholic France, enlarged her borders, and made all Europe feel her power. Has not God some great design in casting down the Pope of Rome, in dethroning Napoleon III., and in restoring united Germany to her former glory? May it not be that the land of Luther may be prepared to use her renewed power in spreading the true Protestant faith more fully in her own dominions, and among her neighboring Catholic nations?

2. Another very important "sign of the times" is the rapid influx of numerous and various foreigners to our shores. This land is an asylum for the oppressed, as well as a home for others who seek among us the comforts of this life. We have, therefore, in our midst a foreign element of Irish, German, French, Portuguese, Scandinavian, Chinese, etc. There are some alarmed at this rapid influx. Some are just cause for alarm; but is there not another side to look at? Has not God sent them here that they may be blessed with freedom and the Gospel, and to carry back to their fatherland their new experiences in civil freedom and Gospel light? We have many converted Irish (once Roman Catholics), hundreds of Norwegians and Swiss, thousands of Germans, and some Chinese, in the American Evangelical Church to-day, who were brought to Christ by coming under American Christian influences; and their "work of faith and labors of love" are powerfully felt on their fellow immigrants and on their people in their fatherlands. Thus we see

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

3. The revival of Christian union, among Evangelical Churches of different nations, is another good omen of a brighter day. Church history, especially in earlier and darker days of the Church, presents to us a fearful state of discord among different sects. Their bickerings, contentions, and persecutions were a disgrace to the Christian name. Even in modern times there have been found a very few such men, as the authors of "The Centuries of Lyn" and "The Great Iron Wheel," who have vented their sectarian spleen against good people who differ from them in doctrines and Church usages. To the praise of God it may in truth be said, such men and such books are growing "beautifully less" every year. These old prejudices are melting away. The old evangelical Churches into closer and more heavenly union. We can retain our different Church organizations, where wide differences in sentiments and usages, in non-essentials exist, and labor side by side for the up-building of the Redeemer's kingdom, without serious ruptures or molesting each other in our great evangelical mission in the world. The World's Evangelical Alliance has presented before the people a beautiful example of all the essential elements of Christian unity. The watchmen of Zion there, in all essential, saving truths, could see eye to eye. Catholicism, though boasting of her perfect unity, cannot to-day collect her adherents in such numbers for any Ecumenical Council, and exhibit such perfect oneness of faith and harmony of action. Infidels have beheld with wonder, and asked, From whence come such bonds of union? Such demonstrations of real, essential unity must also

"Force the heathen world to say, 'See how these Christians love!'" When we see the different tribes of our modern Israel thus traveling in

harmony, under the same divine Leader, drinking from the same "spiritual Rock," and feeding together upon the same heavenly "manna," and guided and protected in "the unity of the Spirit and bonds of peace," under the same "pillar of cloud by day" and of "fire by night," we cannot wonder we hear them joyfully exclaiming, "We are well able to go up and possess the goodly land, for our God is with us."

"Let us at once go up. No more on this side Jordan stop. But all the land possess."

Thus, "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," with hearts united to Christ and to each other, they can sing,—

"Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above."

Cheering "signs of the times" are these of "the promised day of Israel!"

CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

In the New York *Advocate* for August 20th, there appears the address of Rev. D. Curry, D. D., delivered at the Assembly at Chautauque Lake, on the "Church Sunday-School," in which he very ably presents the argument that the Sunday-school is Church work, not an outside institution, to be run by separate agencies from ordinary Church service, but an agency of the Church. In fact, the Sabbath-school ("Bible-school" I like better) is the Church at work.

This very naturally suggests the topic of the pastor's relation to the Sunday-school, on which he says: "The pastor must be the real, as well as the nominal head of this department of the work of the Church. Better far the pastor should be the real head of the Sunday-school, than to have it run by separate agencies from ordinary Church service, but an agency of the Church. In fact, the Sabbath-school ('Bible-school' I like better) is the Church at work. This very naturally suggests the topic of the pastor's relation to the Sunday-school, on which he says: 'The pastor must be the real, as well as the nominal head of this department of the work of the Church. Better far the pastor should be the real head of the Sunday-school, than to have it run by separate agencies from ordinary Church service, but an agency of the Church. In fact, the Sabbath-school ('Bible-school' I like better) is the Church at work."

This is exactly what I believe. It is a fact that the Church work and Bible-school work is one in doctrine, spirit, aim and agency. Pastors are chief officers of the school, and must and ought to bear this responsibility. Their influence ought to be felt in every department of Church service, and most certainly in the Bible-school. They are the only officers that the General Conference requires reports from, and these must be given to both the Annual and Quarterly Conferences.

It may be right, and highly proper, that the superintendent report the condition of the school in the Quarterly Conference, but he does it as an agent of the pastor, and not by disciplinary requirement. The pastor, under Christ, is the recognized head of the Church, and no office on this round world can be above it. About his appointment by the pastor, there may be an honest disagreement; but whether chosen by the school, officers and teachers, or by the Quarterly Conference, no one should be selected to fill this important office that is not in full sympathy with the pastor's work. T. J. ABBOTT.

Charleston, S. C., Aug. 27, 1874.

IT LOOKS BADLY.

Those very frequent blanks in the statistical columns of the Annual Minutes of the Conferences have a bad look; they tell a tale of sordid avarice on the part of the people, or of culpable neglect on the part of the preachers. The New England Churches, in their benevolent efforts, are very like New England farms; some of them are well tilled, and present a thrifty appearance, and many are much "bound out." The picture they present, in the columns of benevolent collections, is like that seen on some of the hills of New Hampshire and on the sandy plains of Massachusetts, where the farmer mows a part of his field, leaving large patches of weeds and bushes as worthless or intractable.

If Paul were to write an epistle to the New England Churches, he might well say, as he did to the Corinthians, "Now, therefore, there is utterly a fault among you. . . . Nay, ye do wrong, and defraud, and that your brethren." Perhaps he would have something more to say about "covetousness, which is idolatry;" and he might, in regard to this work, say something to ministers about being "workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" among all the benevolent enterprises of the Church.

There is force and truth in a remark once made in Conference, touching this matter:—"If our people are poor, they will be poorer yet if we do not preach on these subjects. Give them the facts, and a chance to contribute." The people may be affected both with penury and penuriousness, yet experience fully proves that they will give something to the intensely interesting and weighty claims of Christian enterprise, if these claims are presented to their consideration. My sympathies are with the people, believing that the greater share of the fault lies with the preachers. During twenty-five years of labor I have never once been denied a material response to the calls of the Church in the field

of benevolence. The collection may be small, sometimes, but a small amount is preferable to a blank. If all the blanks in the reports of benevolent missions in all the Conferences were filled with one dollar each, it would make a large sum, and would be of decided advantage to the various causes; and this, and more, might be done, with a firm purpose and a little effort. Let each preacher resolve there shall be no blanks against his charge; then, like an honest man, present the objects to the people, and the work is done; the blanks all disappear.

It looks badly to see a minister go to Conference in a nice new suit, with a pocket well filled with cash, and a mind much burdened about the financial ability of his next charge, bearing a paltry sum for benevolent purposes, which he ought to be heartily ashamed to report, only on the ground that it was unsolicited by a few pious persons who give systematically.

There are reports from Churches which pay their pastors from \$800 to \$1,400, or more, which amount to less than these same pastors ought to pay themselves, especially if they fail to take the collections ordered by the General Conference. Cases of this character might be referred to in the Minutes, if it were not too personal.

A comparison of the words and deeds of some pastors looks badly. These are the things they say, by vote at least:—

"Resolved, 1. That, so far as practicable, we will preach upon the subject of Education, and take up a collection."

"2. That we pledge ourselves to continued and renewed exertions in behalf of the Freedman's Aid Society and its work."

"3. That we will take the Annual collection for the Sunday-school Union of our Church, as required by the Discipline."

These, and many like things, are said. Now, take your Conference reports and count the blanks, to ascertain the action. An array of facts and figures would be out of place here, but a simple illustration may be admissible. I take the Providence and New Hampshire Conferences, because they come most readily to hand. They probably are not worse than others—I fear not much better. In the first of these, during the last year, for Church Extension, Freedman's Aid and Education, 36 per cent. of the appointments took no collections; in the last, for the same objects, 42 per cent. of the appointments took no collections. The words of the Apostle cries out, "My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Let the watchword, in this part of our work, this year and henceforth, be, "no blanks." Let this defect in our Minutes be remedied. Let our pledges be all redeemed. Let these great subjects be kindly and earnestly presented to the people, and they will come up to the help of the Lord with their offerings, and their souls will be blessed with an increase of love and zeal. Then with pleasure may we look over the next edition of our Minutes, joyfully exclaiming, "no blanks! no blanks!" G. N. B.

OUR HYMN BOOK AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR:—Your editorial, in the *HERALD* of July 30, is the only one I have seen to fully endorse for years. While learned divines of other denominations praise C. Wesley's hymns, our ministers denounce them; and so have I heard chorists too. And for no other reason than because they knew no suitable tunes in which to sing the best of those hymns. This fault arises, probably, from never having had a very competent judge of music on "the Book Committee" of the Book Concern at New York, in part (I concluded so from what a former agent once wrote to me); hence the grossest impositions on them, of musical officers, mostly; and I confess I was instrumental in sending them one that proved to be the meanest (I am deeply sorry to say). The late Daniel Ayres, G. P. Disoway, and two others, selected out some peculiar metre tunes, that were put into the first edition of the "Methodist Hymnbook," fifty-three years ago, that stand yet unrivaled in the estimation of impartial singers.

For instance: "Provision," 10, 10, 11, 11, or 13th P. M.; "Plymouth Dock," 1st P. M. or L. P. M.; "Calvary" and "Kershaw," of the 8, 7 and 4, or 8th P. M.; "Flinton," 4 6s and 2 8s, or 3d P. M. But the tunes of the measure of old worn out "Amsterdam," and others, with only one note longer, "Josiah," "Pensford" and "Mystery," bring out the character of forty-two hymns in our oldest editions. Never have I seen anything yet equal to their tune "Triumph," 25th P. M., for that hymn commencing, "Head of the Church triumphant," page 239. The "Harmonist," got up after the fire of 1836, by the late W. C. Brown, contained a tune, 8 8s, or 10th P. M., by the name of "Richmond," that is better than anything else I have ever seen of that metre!

What is the use, Brother Jones, in scolding about Wesley's hymns, when we never have tunes adapted to bring out the force and beauty of his compositions? "Ascension," "Annapolis," "Paradise," "Hope," etc., were of the more common tunes in Ayres and Disoway's selection, that were excellent. But when I came to Boston, forty-two years ago, if I sang one of their tunes in a social meeting the minister would rebuke me, and tell me to "sing something we all know." That's "progress" with a vengeance, thought I—in a backward trot, too.

NOAH PERLIN.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

It is reported that an effort will be made to have Dr. DeKoven elected to succeed the late Bishop Whitehouse, of Illinois.

A serious split is reported in the clerical party of Italy, in consequence of the Pope's order prohibiting the clergy from taking part in elections.

Bishop Simpson has beautifully and truthfully said: Christianity lifts the veil from woman's face. In proportion to the amount of Christianity in any country will be woman's position; she rises or falls with Jesus.

In China twenty-two different societies have established more than 300 mission stations and out-stations, and the number of Church members is variously estimated at from 6,000 to 10,000.

The results of the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, in four months, in Glasgow and the surrounding country, show the number of converts to be 3,133, of whom 1,670 were men and boys.

Perhaps the largest individual thank-offering ever made by any individual to foreign missions was the recent gift of more than \$100,000, by Mr. Walter C. Jones, of Manchester, Eng., to the Church Missionary Society.

The *Baptist Weekly* claims that the London Confession of the Baptist Church of 1869 expressly disclaims the right of rejecting from fellowship open-union Churches; and that the earliest English Baptists did not even contend for immersion as the only mode of baptism.

The London Israelites have a rabbi, Hersh Dyan, who rivals Spurgeon in the earnestness and fervor of his eloquence. Zetland Hall, where he preaches, is crowded every time he appears to preach, and Gentiles as well as Jews flock to his ministry.

Two more of the persons concerned in the murder of the Protestant missionary, Stephens, have been tried and condemned to death, and two others have been arraigned for trial. The Mexican Government in this whole business has acted promptly and honorably.

Father Hyacinthe, in his anxiety to reform the Catholic Church rather than overthrow it, has resigned his cure of Geneva, "convinced by experience," he says, "that the Liberal Catholicism of Geneva is neither liberal in politics nor Catholic in religion." M. Quilly, cure of Geneva, had sharply criticized him for lack of zeal in the opposition to the Ultramontane party.

The *Occident* says that a Bengal paper, called *Sajjana Rajana*, speaks of the excellence of the Bible, as "the best and most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in the English language." As every joint of the sugar-cane, from the root to the top, is full of sweetness, so every page of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instructions. A portion of that book would yield to you more sound morality than a thousand other treatises on the same subject. In short, if any person studies the English language with a view to gain wisdom, there is not another book which is more worthy of being read than the Bible.

Our Book Table.

MORE NEW BOOKS.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton is the best "talkist" of the day, with his pen. He has brought writing to the perfection of conversation. His "Intellectual Life" is, in every detail, a treatise on religion, a perfect book—especially perfect in its style. Not less so is his last book, *CHAPTERS ON ANIMALS*. He is after the spirit of Isaac Walton, and puts a wriggling worm upon a hook as though he loved him. He chases the horses and hogs, dogs and donkeys, cats and kindred creatures, as though he had become Barbara Kithwall, and he could say of them,—

"They look with such a look, and they speak with such a tone,

That I almost receive their heart into my own."

Darwin tries to scientifically prove our oneness with our quadruped kindred. Hamerton essays the same in the emotional line. His stories are novel and juicy. He is as good a student of emotion as of art, of animals as of men, and as good a portraitist as Be sure and buy this for your boys and girls. It will teach them to love the kitten less, and to respect the ass more. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should get up a cheap edition for general circulation.

SATAN, by C. P. Cranch (Roberts), is one of the modern attempts not to point the devil as black as he is. It accepts the primal innocence of man, and the horror of the holy angels at the approach of the Destroyer.

"That crawls like a serpent of mist Through the vales and the gardens of peace, With a blight upon all its path tread, And a shade that will never decrease."

But Raphael defends the devil, and the terrified spirits talk with him, and rather like him. He is only

"That stern necessity of fate; He is not happy, and not miserable."

He is only the shadow necessary to the sun, the evil of God himself. But, strange enough, this "stern necessity of fate" is himself to be abolished, after all. How can that be? Will the shadow ever leave the sun? Satan is a preacher and a creature of love, but his dread Satanism is to disappear. Pretty verses cannot hide such horrors of doctrine. The devil has become an angel of light in the modern false theology. They no longer deny his existence; they deny his devilry; they are prospering among his own. Will this opera be performed by Mr. Gerald Massey and his admirers, who goes a little farther than all the rest, and announces the devil as his saviour. That is the end of common sense in religion.

How sweet to turn from this heated phantasm to VERSES, by H. H. (Roberts). They start forth with "Christmas Chimes," that ring in the Lord Christ. There is a tenderness, a penetration, a subtle ray of fancy, and a melody of rhythm that make H. H. one of the chiefs among the poets of to-day, and in some of her verses among the poets of all days. "Best" is a poem of resignation of her babe to her Saviour, full of tears and trust. There is little that is quotable in a line (few writers have that gift), but much which is life-giving. Put the bit of a book in your pocket, and it will distill through you, as you glance over it, like a benediction.

BADDECK, AND THAT SORT OF THING, by Charles Dudley Warner (Osgood), is after the manner of the best. It takes you to bed by a series of unexpected and unbelieveable ways, and gives you at the last the most ravishing and unexpected scene of a sixty days' beauty in Newfoundland. Mr. Warner never writes dull, and he only does not quite equal his first-born, but he follows

fate, from "The Iliad" to Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

LOVE IN THE XIXTH CENTURY, by Harriet W. Preston (Roberts Brothers), is the old story in a new dress. Two brassy Boston youths, male and female, meet at a country house for summer rest, flirt in geometry and Greek—a writer for the press, she a music teacher. They part, he proposing, and she exclaiming, and write letters full of French and German politics, Browning, Rossetti, art, culture, Matthew Arnold—everything but love. The writer is careful to say they are not erotic. They meet in the Spring, and are married; cool as an east wind, but bright; and on her part, sort of religious. Of course their common sense courtship and marriage make a happy life. There are a good many worse books than this.

A FAST LIFE (Harpers) describes locomotive locomotion—its engineers, conductors, and all. It is certainly up with the times. It is amusing and instructive. Its pictures and stories are of the first sort, and its statements of the business of railroading of the latter. It will sell well on the cars.

LIFE UNDER GLASS, by George A. Shove (Osgood), is an attempt to break the fury of Northern winters by a rosy Boston Common, in which shall be stores, drives, hotels, conservatories, and from under which nobody shall go from November to June. Better and cheaper are these same hot-houses, without rose, which can be found by a ride of a few hundred miles to Columbia, Charleston, Savannah, and the whole Gulf Coast. Still, as a dream, this is worth reading.

'93, by Victor Hugo, is a powerful portrayal of the terrible days of France. Criticism is wasted on such a work, as it is on the events it vividly. It is dramatic, French, awful, fascinating to the last degree. It is a murder in a tragedy, you can neither look on it nor withdraw your eyes from it. Carlyle and Victor Hugo are alike flaming painters of that inflamed era. His book, too, has a moral—that popular rights trampled upon are sure to avenge their tyrants. He uses historic names, and makes the characters of Dante, Mirabeau, Robespierre, more vivid than before. Victor Hugo is the Mrs. Stowe of France, and the Disraeli of England. His novels are political pamphlets. He means the republic, even when depicting the fall of the monarchy. He is, more than any American or English storyteller, a politician. With his mighty pen he overthrows empires. If he only had Christ in him, he would do more to destroy the evil than build up the good.

He is a Communist—not in its rightful sense, but in its worst—not a robber of others' goods, a murderer—not a restorer and regenerator of the nation. He is the guillotine against the castle. His characters have that perfect Frenchness of hottest heat and coolest blood. No love-story this! Only one woman, and she is a saint, and she is a peasant widow. Yet it is a love-story of men, powerfully drawn, and horribly and dramatically concluded. It will have power in France.

IN HIS NAME is as different from '93 as Everett Hale is from Victor Hugo. It is French in name, but not in nature—a story of the daughter of Jean Waldo, kinsman of Pierre Waldo, father of the oldest Protestant body, and whose mother had ignorantly poisoned, and whom a priest and a doctor and an anti-Romanist, in His Name, was enabled to save. It is pretty and pious, but hardly pious.

This collection of stories may conclude with one of the ablest of them all—TEMPER TOSSED, by Theodore Tilton (Sheldon & Co.). This is seemingly as far as possible from Mr. Tilton's history. His characters are not from his circle. When that novel appears, look out. Yet it is full of his earliest and best; may it yet be his latest and better. The characters are aptly drawn, the incidents exceedingly startling, yet he affirms, within the bounds of nautical possibility; its Barbara a beauty like his own, and a nature too. The writing is often brilliant, and the clear and audacious and pointed. What would American fiction do without the negro? He is its life of wit and religion. If Mr. Tilton holds on here, and grows in this direction, he will win as bright a name in this line of literature as he did for years in the editorial path.

SIX IN EDUCATION; A Reply (Roberts Brothers), is one of the results of Dr. Clarke's treatise. It should have been entitled, "No Six in Education with a discussion with frankness the points he raises, and makes a reply that is unanswerable. It shows that other causes have created American female disorders, and that co-education has had scarcely nothing to do with it. In fact, co-education, or identical education, is scarcely an American fact yet. Where it does exist, it is healthier for both sexes. Our own academies are not doing here, but they might be, for overwhelming proof of the healthfulness with which girls study the same courses as the boys. The cause of education will not fail with such advocates. It is destined to be the only sort of education.

MIRKO; Translated from the French, by Harriet W. Preston (Roberts), is itself an answer to Dr. Clarke. Where does such graceful scholarship come from, if not from hard study? This lady is a sharp and strong debater in her own right, as "Love in the XIXth Century" shows. She is none the less an exquisite translator, as this rendering of a difficult poem shows. She has chosen William Morris' verse, her only mistake, as it is too sweet for long narratives; the measure of the original, of which she gives specimens, is better. But her grace makes them honeyed, and the minor poems are very prettily rendered. The poem deserves many readings.

THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT (Harpers) has no white elephants. The sacred white animal is as dirty a dam as his well-known kindred

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1874.

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Persons wishing to subscribe, and not finding it convenient to pay now, can forward their names immediately (that they may have the full benefit of our offer), and send the money between this and January 1st.

A. S. WEED, PUBLISHER,
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Dr. Curry (or somebody else, as the editorials are impersonal, and it is not a little difficult sometimes to distinguish the "Original Jacobs" from his substitute) in the "Advocate of September 10," declines to be held personally accountable for the sentiments of every article found upon the editorial page. He finds among his exchanges both praise and blame incorrectly distributed; he being subjected to both upon a misapprehension of his authorship of certain editorials. Like other conspicuous men, he has also been made sponsor for certain smart sayings which he might have uttered, but he did not, they having been incorrectly attributed to him. Zion's Herald has unfortunately sinned innocently, and with the best intentions, in this respect. It attributed to him a certain "fine point" in opening the religious services at the Round Lake Camp-meeting, on the morning when President Grant was introduced. The editor found this "fine point" in the letter of a correspondent present at the meeting, and communicated to a religious paper, and naturally felt safe in quoting it; but all doubts were removed when, mentioning the incident in his office, a well known divine who was also present, at once responded and said, "that is true, I was there, sat on the platform, and heard him say it?" There now is not this case of unmitigated somnambulism! What are we coming to in the line of news? What can we believe that we read, or even hear? After all it is a nice thing to say, and the long suffering Doctor seems rather disposed to congratulate himself that the story will be believed, in spite of his denial of it!

We are pleased to learn that the Church in Westfield is in a prosperous condition. Arrangements are now making for the erection of a new house of worship, which, with the furnishing and the land, will cost about \$70,000. The house will comfortably seat 1,300 people, and more can readily be accommodated in it. It will be a model in respect to convenience.

The services in this large and vigorous Church last Sabbath were of a very interesting character. Twenty-four persons were received into full fellowship, three by letter, and twenty-one on profession of faith. The service of admission was of unusual interest. Dr. Twombly returns from his college presidency to his former and loved work, and to one of his old charges, with his wonted earnestness and devotion, and is meeting with the hearty co-operation and warm regard of his people. We trust a rich revival will anticipate the erection, and afterwards crowd the new temple.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

The dedication of a church at Whitefield, N. H., two weeks since, was the occasion to us of a delightful visit, for a few days, among the White Mountains. Our tour was rendered particularly agreeable through the company and attention of Presiding Elder Flood, in whose diocese—the Concord District—the service occurred, and his estimable wife.

Whitefield lies upon the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, fifteen miles above Littleton, four beyond the "Wing Road," which branches off to Fabyan's and the foot of Mt. Washington. The Portland and Ogdensburg road, which is now being constructed through Crawford's Notch—a wonderful feat of daring engineering, the road, apparently, being hung in the air, or blasted out of the side of the mountain, eight hundred feet above the frightful gorge in which the Saco River takes its rise—passes directly through this town, which will make it a very important railroad centre. The village is situated upon an elevated and narrow plateau, surrounded by high hills, up which its thrifty farm-houses are creeping, as well as down the ravine towards the railroad and a small stream which flows into the Connecticut. This little river has for many years been made to do hard service in turning the wheels of many saw-mills.

Whitefield has long been noted as a great lumber town. Nearly a half century ago, our intelligent host during our visit in the town—Mr. Fisk—"drove" a lot of logs down this river during its Spring freshet, into the Connecticut, and constructing a raft, floated them down to Middletown. Now the Browns have an immense mill, with private rail tracks running into their vast timber lands, and sell their lumber all over the country. A number of other somewhat smaller saw-mills are located in the town, and are actively engaged in the lumber trade. Few New England towns of its population carry on so extensive a business as Whitefield.

As a summer resort, it is beginning to compete with Bethlehem and Jefferson in its boarding-houses and annual visitors. Cherry Mountain towers over the village, and from the adjoining high hills a full and grand view of Mt. Washington and its sublime chain of heights can be obtained. Two large boarding-houses on these hills are well filled during the season. Rev. Mr. Waterston, of Boston, is building a private summer residence for himself near to them.

Up to the present time, with the exception of a small Advent Church, there has been but one religious service held on the Sabbath in the town—a union meeting, in which Freewill Baptists and Methodists united, preachers of the two denominations alternating on successive Sabbaths. The Ogdensburg Railroad, which runs up the side of the old meeting-house, and rendered a removal necessary. The Freewill Baptist brethren seized the occasion to construct an edifice for their own accommodation, thinking the Methodists unable to enter upon such an undertaking, and that probably they would ultimately come into their fold. They had little conception of the Church loyalty of the few families belonging to this denomination, of the strong sympathy they had in the community, and of the vigor with which they could urge a religious enterprise when they entered upon it. The Baptist brethren had been engaged in their work more than a year before the Methodists made their first movement. The former have erected a large, handsome edifice, which is an ornament to the town; but the Methodist Church was dedicated two days in advance of them. The latter church edifice is somewhat smaller, but it is a perfect gem of a building, thoroughly finished, with all the Church apartments for social and public service finely and fully appointed, finished on the inside in ash, handsomely frescoed, cushioned throughout, with a chancel and singing-gallery behind it that leaves nothing to be desired. A fine reed organ for the vestry was given by a former boy of the town—Mr. Austin C. Chase; and Mr. Ryder, of Boston, put up in their orchestra the powerful and sweet organ which for a while discoursed its melody in Wesleyan Hall, to the admiration and enjoyment of its hearers.

The house cost seven thousand dollars. Of the three thousand not already subscribed on the day of dedication, over twenty-two hundred were raised, and the rest will be readily provided for. The pews have already all been rented, at prices meeting all their current expenses, and the only regret now felt is that the edifice was not larger, the demand for seats being already greater than the supply; but one or two hundred additional seats can be provided, as required, in the broad aisles during the summer months, when visitors seek to worship with them. From being simply a preaching-place on alternate Sabbaths, Whitefield springs into the front rank of the New Hampshire Conference stations. A great incentive and inspiration in this noble work has been the presence and labors of Rev. Wm. Eakins, lately received into the Conference from Drew Seminary—a young man of more than ordinary promise, a Christian gentleman, studious, cultivated, and devoted to his work. He is just now suffering from an acute attack of disease, but the desires and prayers of his people already anticipate his early recovery. We earnestly hope that their expectations may be realized.

At eleven o'clock on Thursday, the 3d, the dedication of the beautiful church crowded its walls. The Presiding Elder preached to a good audience in the evening, although the rain

and darkness without made it uncomfortable to reach the church. On the succeeding Sunday Brother Flood and the editor found again a house full of people to listen to the Gospel. Almost all the ordinances and forms of religion, as administered by us, marked the services of the day. Love-feast, baptism at the altar and by immersion, and the Lord's Supper were enjoyed, in addition to the ordinary exercises.

Between the dedication and the succeeding Sabbath the indefatigable Elder led us through a round of most exciting and delightful sight-seeing rides. From Oak Hill, in Littleton, we were permitted to enjoy, on one of the clearest of Fall mornings, another full view of the Mt. Washington chain—a vision only surpassed by that obtained at Bethlehem and Jefferson, and one from which it is difficult to tear the eyes away.

In this beautiful New Hampshire village (Littleton) we were introduced to the elder of the Kilburn brothers, and permitted to examine their great stereoscopic establishment—the largest and best appointed in the world. A few years since, becoming interested in photographic pictures, these ingenious mechanics, the younger developing much artistic talent, commenced to take pictures of the magnificent scenery around them. Gradually their business increased. With an ingenious portable apparatus the younger brother began to travel, taking the scenes he visited; while the establishment at home, with its steam engine, and varied apparatus for executing and finishing the finest pictures that are made, grew to its present perfection.

The brothers, in addition to the immense collection of home pictures which they have obtained with their own instruments, have imported the best European and Oriental negatives. They number now nearly two thousand. The junior Mr. Kilburn visited Mexico about the time Bishop Haven was there, and brought back with him nearly an hundred and fifty negatives of the most remarkable points in the grand scenery of our sister Republic, and the chief buildings in the capital and principal cities. Among the latter we find our own church, with a picturesque group, containing our Dr. Butler and his congregation. The illustrations of Bishop Haven's forthcoming and very interesting book upon Mexico will be enriched, doubtless, by many of Mr. Kilburn's pictures, taken on the spot. The catalogues of their pictures, which are sold at very moderate prices, can be obtained by addressing them.

We have not space to do justice to our visit to Mt. Washington. The branch railroad, of which we have spoken, delivers its passengers at the door of the Fabyan House, kept by Lindsey, French & Co.—one of the largest and best appointed houses of the scores among the mountains. Its dining-rooms and parlors can accommodate easily five hundred persons. This number dined there, two Sabbaths since, of the thousand visitors that gathered at the Twin Mountain House to hear Mr. Beecher. The house is both elegant and comfortably furnished; the most generous and polite attentions are paid to guests; and every arrangement is made to aid tourists in reaching all the noted mountain points in the vicinity.

From the piazza of the house the summit of Mt. Washington, with its hotel, can be seen, and the progress of the train up the railroad can be followed. In the parlor during the evening of our visit at the Fabyan, we had the pleasure of an introduction to Sylvester Marsh, esq., the inventor and constructor of the singular steam railway that has rendered the ascent of Mt. Washington a song instead of a sweat. Like all men of genius and courage, he is as modest in his estimation of his work as he was cool, persevering and successful in its execution. Through his politeness we were introduced to delay our return and enjoy the wonderful vision afforded by the summit of Mt. Washington. It requires no little nerve to ascend nearly three miles in the air, rising often one foot in three, with precipices between one and two thousand feet in depth yawning below you, until you comprehend the character of the defenses against an accident. Probably no railroad train in the world is so thoroughly guarded against calamity, or so safe as this. An amusing story is told of a lady who pursued the question of the various safeguards to its extremity. "What," she inquired, of the conductor, "would happen if the lever you hold should break?" "Another brake there" (pointing to it), answered the conductor, "would hold the car." "What if that should break?" "Still another would hold it," was the answer. "What would become of me," inquired the anxious woman, "if that also should give away?" "That depends," said the conductor, coolly, "upon what kind of a lady you are?" The matter was not pursued any further.

An hour and half up (and less time down) is required to land passengers upon the summit. As we stood at the foot of the mountain a too daring member of the N. H. Conference came sliding down the railroad on a board, making the passage in twenty minutes. A wife of one of our Boston preachers walked up the road, a few weeks since—a wonderful feat, requiring equally wonderful feet. On the top, during such a day as we stood upon it, the view is indescribable. A graphic guide book says it is *unlawful*, in the sense of that word, probably, as used by St. Paul, when speaking of his heavenly vision. The awful, heaving waves of mountains just below you, the sublime

expanse of varied land and water scapes all around you, the distant coast line of the Atlantic, the surface of lakes, the uncounted towns—altogether form a vision that, having been once seen, never leaves the memory, but haunts it. You are in full sympathy with the apostles when upon the mount, in their amazement and prayer: "It is good for us to be here; let us build three tabernacles." The one already constructed here is a fine one, and well kept. It can accommodate one hundred and fifty guests, and, considering the expense of bringing its provision up the mountain, its prices are very reasonable. A night here, with the opportunity to witness a sunset and sunrise, is an era in a human life.

Having thus enjoyed the wonderful vision of the mount, we come down again upon the plane of daily life, to wrestle once more with the "world, the flesh and the devil."

PROF. TYNDALL'S ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

It is not yet two years since Prof. Tyndall gravely proposed to the Christian world his famous physical test of the efficacy of prayer. The discussions thereupon are still fresh in the public mind. The materialism of which the proposition was by many thought to strongly savor, is now put forth in the boldest manner before the British Association on the 19th of August. This would seem to be his return to the staggering blows administered by the friends of religion in the "prayer gauge" question; but the bad taste is none the less of seizing the occasion which custom prescribes for a review of the progress of science during the preceding twelvemonth, as the time for an independent publication of his personal theories. The great body of thinking men accept alike the truths of science and of religion, content in any apparent discrepancy to wait for a fuller investigation, in confident expectation that when we are possessed of all the facts the two will be found in beautiful harmony. Prof. Tyndall will allow this no longer. Religion must confine itself to its own sphere, "in the emotional nature of man," and in no respect can it be allowed henceforth to intrude upon the domain which science may assume to be under its own control. The demand is made in such broad terms as these:—

"All religious theories, schemes and systems which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into its domain, must, in so far as they do this, submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment, must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands."

The hot blood of the Irish Professor has impelled him to this bold leap into the very centre of the arena. Spelling for a fight, and whirling his shillab around his head, he not only fearlessly challenges all comers, but insists on provoking into a contest those who might be disposed to pass him by. The supremacy of physical science over all religious thought cannot be more strongly asserted, and all "knowledge" of whatever kind, falls within its legitimate domain. Science may to-day teach one thing, and to-morrow another; and in both cases religion must be "plastic" enough to adapt itself to its surroundings, or be destroyed! If religion presumes to affirm that an intelligent, personal God created and controls the world, and the science of the hour (euphemistically styled "the growth of knowledge") insists that matter is eternal, and has in itself the power of bringing forth life, religion must shut its Bible, reject its God, and destroy itself, or be destroyed! The sole condition of permission of its continued life is that it shall presume to no independent thought, and exercise no authority over the operations and products of the understanding. It is impossible that Prof. Tyndall should fail to recognize the existence of the religious sentiment in man, but how to provide for it with the limitations which are demanded by his purpose of making science supreme, is no easy question. That we do not mistake him on these points, the following will show:—

"To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour. And grotesque, in relation to scientific culture, as many of the religions of the world have been and are; dangerous, nay, destructive to the dearest privileges of freedom, as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again, it will be wise to recognize them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided by liberal thoughts to noble issues in the region of emotion, which is its proper sphere. It is vain to oppose this force with a view to its extinction. What we should oppose, to the death if necessary, is every attempt to found upon this elemental bias in man's nature a system which should exercise despotism away over his intellect."

He cannot extirpate the religious sentiment, and the next best thing is to render it as little mischievous as possible. Strip it of all subjection to the authority of the Bible, allow no authority of opinion or action outside of science, and make free thinking the guide of all emotion;—such is the solution of this "problem of problems." Christianity is the religion specially struck

at, for it is the only religion prevalent where the discussions of the address can apply. Its "away over the intellect" of man is to be opposed "to the death, if necessary."

Prof. Tyndall seems to have a peculiar hate against Christianity. In his history of scientific inquiry he points with delight to Epicurus, who "neither sought nor expected, here or hereafter, any personal profit from his relation to the gods," and to Lucretius, "though he has no rewards in a future life to offer." He does not, for the sake of "ethical harmony here," object to a belief in an "Intelligence at the heart of things;" but for the hope of immortality, as taught in Christianity, which enabled the martyrs to endure their persecutions, and drove believers to their Bibles, he has no sympathy. To Christianity, which cherishes this hope, more than anything else he attributes the decline of ancient science and the intellectual immobility of the Middle Ages.

Never was history more strangely misread. A sufficient confutation is found in the intellectual quickening and growth of later times. Who were Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, but Christians? Who, but Christians, founded the universities of Europe and America? And who more earnest in all knowledge than they? The *Methodist Quarterly* truly says, "it is not until lately that infidelity has ever built a college." Prof. Tyndall knows all this, and yet it suits his purpose to fall in with the gross fiction so current in certain scientific circles, that the friends of the Bible are opposed to scientific inquiry. He well knows that among the most successful scientific investigators and instructors are Christians and clergymen; and yet he rings the changes on those rash and ill-informed persons who have been hitherto so ready to hurl themselves against every new scientific revelation, lest it should endanger what they are pleased to consider theirs."

The following, from the same *Quarterly*, applied right here:—"It is true that when any new scientific statement is unfolded which seems to collide against any previous opinion, whether scientific or biblical, it undergoes both a scientific and biblical severity of scrutiny. . . . But a biblical exegete expresses a doubt, and a vociferous barking is raised, that upholders of creeds are trying to repress scientific inquiry. Perhaps the biblical interpretation is really a gloss borrowed from the former teachings of science, so that there is a real collision between science and science."

But the most important point in the address relates to the origin of life. He boldly takes the plunge which Darwin and Spencer do not dare. Lucretius held that "nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods." And so Tyndall, "abandoning all disguise," utters in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." Matter spontaneously brings forth living beings, the plant, the tree, the beast, the bird, the thinking, rational, moral man. There is no personal, intelligent Creator, but only a simple product of adjustments instead. This is his faith, though he cannot explain it, and stands in the blindest ignorance before it. "The whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our day as in the days of Job can man by searching find this Power out." Yet by the capital "P" he does not mean the personal God of Job, but that "by the operation of an insoluble mystery life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded from their prepotent elements in the immeasurable past."

This is the latest teaching of science. In its presence religion must be dumb, or die! The Christian system, which says that all things were created through Jesus Christ, must eliminate such statements, or submit to its "fate." The revelation which discloses the God whom searching cannot find out, must be perished by this new, but Christless, Godless gospel of materialism. Such are the demands of Prof. Tyndall; but never has a man prepared for himself a greater disappointment. We are glad he has thrown off all disguise, and we shall soon see the lines more rigidly drawn than ever before.

AFTER CAMP-MEETING.

We write a few impressions and strictures before distance dims them. We have attended several camp-meetings, and heard from more. They are a religious muster, where the few find faith and prove their armor, the many go for dress parade, and the multitudes for such forms of amusement and dissipation as are offered and allowed by the laws of the encampment. Primarily they serve as an occasion for massing the Christian forces from the scattered fortresses of the region round about, for a tremendous onset upon the powers of the adversary; for the mutual stimulus of different companies to love and good works, and for the minglings of Christian fellowship; for the intensifying of spiritual power by abiding long in the presence of the Great Captain, until these separate cohorts should return each to its post, a host in itself. It is to be feared that this primary purpose is much weakened, as suggested by an able correspondent on our first page, and that, from being an aggressive religious force, they have become scarcely even conservative. Between their own hearts and God, how many can say that leisure, recreation, the desire to greet many friends, the enjoyment of extraordinary preaching, and the excitement of moving among multitudes, have not been the leading motives that have drawn them to the temples of the

grove, whose worship-inspiring solitude and stillness have been too often converted into the populous abode of ease and luxury? What proportion of the various Churches represented on the ground have generously rivaled each other in work for the Master? What proportion of any Society have dwelt the whole time in the secret place of the Most High, instead of making the meeting a day or two of transient visitation?

These questions hint at general evils. So far as the modern camp-meeting is responsible for them, it should purge itself; and when it becomes the place, or furnishes the occasion, chiefly for social rather than religious purposes, it should change its name and conform its title to its practice. Instead of the usual camp-meeting calendar, a correct advertisement would be, "at such or such a watering place, or lakeside resort, or forest city, a series of sermons will be preached by eminent pulpiter orators, and various other interesting exercises will be introduced for the instruction and edification of the people." If the religious exercises are mainly to give a religious coloring to a social gathering, or to furnish an intellectual entertainment to curious and critical thousands, let it be understood so; and let the line be sharply drawn between a special institution for the worship of God and a Christianized form of social recreation. Let not religion be the scape-goat for pleasure; nor worldly pleasure, however innocent, be mistaken for piety.

But even where the primary notion is still uppermost, that the camp-ground is the place for the promotion of personal holiness and the conversion of souls, there are some evils to be guarded against. Some Societies are feebly represented on the encampment. They are either small at home, or only a few choose to go. In such cases the tent-meetings, which are the real source of advantage to that Church, are often utterly lost; none are held; and the few either go nowhere, or scatter to the most attractive meetings in other tents. They may be individually warmed, but their power is lost where it is most needed. Better that two or three should regularly and persistently hold meetings in their own tent than go elsewhere; or, at least, let two or three of the weakest Churches unite and alternate from tent to tent.

The luxury of the modern cottage is dangerous to the real purposes of the camp-meeting. The god of ease will get some of the service that belongs to the God of Heaven. It may be urged that there is no virtue in cotton roofs and straw couches for the service of God; perhaps not. But there is just as little virtue in silks and broadcloths for the work of the plough or the kitchen or the trowel. For temporary expedients there is a harmony between the agency and the work to be done. One does not go to market with a coach and six. A week's work of prayer and praise in the forest does not involve a brown stone floor.

Some of the preaching at camp-meeting is dangerous, and destructive to its real interests. The rustic pulpit is not a gladiatorial arena, for a test of personal prowess; it is not a platform for trial sermons with reference to future appointments; it is not a stage for dramatic recitation; it is not a place for elaborate efforts of logic and eloquence on points of doctrine and ethics. Great sermons, in their usual acceptance, are great failures in stirring the elements that need to be reached in such audiences. If the spirit of the Master, when He had compassion upon the multitudes because He saw them scattered abroad as sheep without a shepherd, possessed the preacher, his sermons would take a different stamp. The great need of the throngs who fill the amphitheatres of the forest is not to be taught what repentance is, but to be persuaded to repent; not to be told in what the kingdom of heaven consists, but to be made to feel that it is at hand; not to be convinced that Jesus is the Christ, but to behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. If preaching ever needs to be pervaded by a tender, persuasive spirit, that melts the heart; or by that divine energy which is imparted by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and breaks the stony will; or that unctious of terror which will make him who delivers the message an Elijah or a Jonah, to utter God's warning to the wicked, it is in the minister stands before a camp-meeting audience.

Much of the evil to be deprecated in connection with these gatherings arises from false ideas and attempts to render them popular. Their legitimate popularity would consist in a more rigid and exclusive devotion to religious exercises, more spiritual preaching, and more earnest efforts for the conversion of men than are usual in the Churches at home. It would make them legitimately popular if these Churches were to feel the thrill of their life and power long after camp-meeting week is over. To secure this each Society must have its own home on the ground, and a representative force to man it. To individualize that force by private tents is to destroy its power. It is illegitimate and unfortunate to attempt to make them popular by secularizing the ground or its vicinity; by tickling the ears of the multitude through star preachers and great sermons; by brilliant receptions, and the announced presence of high dignitaries; by sensational novelties of any sort in modes and processes.

With all their incidental and growing errors, camp-meetings are still a means of grace to many. There are those to whom it is a joyful feast, a season of quickening, a new birth-

place. The green leaves may look down on a multitude of dry and barren hearts, but they see also a few springs in the desert. The trees may bow their heads in sorrow over much that is discordant with the solemn harmonies of nature's temple, but they clap their hands with joy over the sweet music of falling tears and contrite sighs. Let neither the world nor the devil record the departed glory of an institution that has done so much for the salvation of men; but let it be for the Church of the future more emphatically a Bethel than it has been for that of the past.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

The best inspiration to success is success. It is no pleasure to us to learn, from an excellent authority, that during the last year several of our newspaper neighbors have suffered a very considerable loss upon their lists of subscribers; but it is a comfort to be able to assure our readers that we have more than held our own. Had not the panic stroke just as the last season opened, we should have been enabled probably to have reached the twenty thousand limit that we hoped, and had reason to expect, we should attain.

For this we start afresh the present Fall, as will be seen by the urgent call of our Publisher in another column. The paper, so far as its religious and literary contributors are concerned, never had stronger claims for patronage than now. We have constant and unqualified assurances, from all portions of our extended field of circulation, of general satisfaction with the present conduct and contents of the HERALD. The circulation of the paper outside of its patronizing Conferences has been largely increased. The only special lack of vigor in its renewed distribution is found in the vicinity of its office of publication. The numerous papers flooding the city partly account for this; but we cannot convince ourselves otherwise than that a little personal interest on the part of our pastors, whose work we seek, in every form, to urge forward, and to whose aid we come weekly, in the advocacy of all our Church interests, would enlarge, by many hundreds, our subscriptions in this vicinity.

We now make fresh and generous propositions. Will the ministers please announce them publicly? and, for the general good, urge the support of a paper that belongs, not to individuals, but to the Church itself, as one that not only brings weekly a well filled store of entertaining and profitable literature, but is indirectly building up one of the most important material interests of the Church?

We proffer an additional quarter of a year of the paper for a year's subscription price. Let not a week of the generous gift be lost to new subscribers. We trust our ministerial brethren will enter into this work at once. We have visited all portions of New England, not to urge the claims of the HERALD, but to aid the Churches in their particular work; and now we ask, with quite a broad ground of obligation to stand upon, the personal efforts of our brethren in the pastorate to give their own paper one more general and vigorous canvassing. Now for the twenty thousand; then for the Doxology!

The troubles at the South are not abated. Fresh acts of violence and blood are recorded in different States. Conversing with one high in office in the Federal Government, and cognizant of the facts constantly brought to its notice, we inquired if the newspaper statements were exaggerated. By no means, was the answer; they do not give an adequate idea of the seriousness of the present conspiracy and conflict against the free suffrages of the black man. The Government has more frightful facts in its possession than have reached the public eye. The danger, he remarked, was imminent of bloody collisions. He was fully of the opinion that we were rapidly losing some of the most important results of the late civil war, and that wisdom and vigorous action are necessary to preserve portions of the country from a least temporary anarchy.

Some of the Southern religious and secular papers are beginning to apprehend the seriousness of the danger, and are lifting up their voices in faint but positive protestations against this abuse of the colored freedmen. In this number we are pleased to mention the *Southern Christian Advocate*. Other papers, however, chiefly of the Democratic stripe politically, bound on the bloody assassins of innocent men, and declare that, in the language of the *Atlanta Daily News*, of September 3d:—

"Call it what you may—prejudice, antagonism, brutality, barbarism—it exists. On but one condition can the whites and blacks live amicably together. The whites must be rulers; and their position must be that of superiors, both socially and politically."

"This is not the *brutum fulmen* of political hate; it is more the solemn asseveration of a collective determination. . . . When the blacks are placed in their proper position of subordination to the whites we will not hear any more of violence toward them. The moment they accept as final that of their subordination, self-interest, duty, humanity will throw around them as perfect a protection against violence from any quarter as a father would throw around a child. But so long as the negro applies to rule white men politically, and to consort with them socially on terms of equality, so long will he be subjected to the storm which his own presumption provokes."

"In all parts of the South where the negroes are numerically the strongest, we find them aggressive, insolent and presumptuous. Are white men to submit quietly to their threats and aggressions always? Are they never to resent the insolence of these slaves of yesterday?"

Certainly it is not surprising that the constituency of such a paper do not hesitate at any measures supposed to be necessary to bring about the object they openly declare to be their determination—the social and political subjection of the colored man.

How like old times it seems, to hear our Northern Democratic orators heaping the responsibility of all this violence and wickedness upon the party friendly to the interests of the colored man! Notice the "Southern plank" in the Democratic platform just laid in Massachusetts! Then hear the familiar, but not new, thank God! so dangerous, crack of the old lash. In a succeeding sentence continues, the same editorial from which we have quoted:—

"We sicken at heart at the contemplation of the misery which threatens Alabama, Louisiana and South Carolina. Grant's last act shuts the door to all hope that he will veto the civil rights bill. Nay, more; it gives to the impending conflict of races a deeper, wider and more horrible significance; for if the whites of the States we have

A thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
THE GREAT ENGLISH STAINING GLASS
STAINED GLASS
 For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Purity from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, truly Unrivalled in any country.
MORSE BROS., Proprietors,
 8 CANTON, MASS.
WAX CARPETS
 Central Carpet Rooms,
 75 & 69 1-2 Court St.,
 Scollay Square.
 We have not an extensive building or marble halls in which to show our goods, but we have six rooms filled with as fine a stock of Carpets, Woolens and Oil Carpets, as can be found in Boston, and our expenses being at least one-half as much as any other Carpet Store, we mean our prices shall be 50% off. We sell to Churches and Clergymen at Wholesale prices.
 We have just received
 1000 Rolls of Extra Super Carpets
 \$1000 yds. to the Best Ridesminster, which will be sold at \$1 per yard, never before sold less than \$1.85.
 5000 yds. Heavy Oil Carpets, 50 cents per yard.
 The BEST ENGLISH TACTERY, \$1.25 to \$1.45 per yard.
 All Wool Ingrains, 65 cents per yard.
 500 PAIRS OF GOLD CORD, BORDERS AND GOLD CORD, FORMERLY \$1. A great bargain!
 Elegant Parlor Shades, \$1.15.
 BAY WINDOW SHADES
 Always on hand. We warrant every article just as advertised.
PUTNEY & CORSON
 75 and 69 1-2 Court St.,
 SCOLLAY SQUARE, BOSTON.
THE GREAT ENGLISH STAINED GLASS
 Manufactured [by] **HERMAN, SHAW & CO.,**
 Salesrooms 27 Sudbury Street.
 A New Class of Pipe Church Organs
 No. 1. Price \$550, equal to any \$1,000 Organ.
 No. 2. Price \$700, equal to any \$1,000 Organ.
 No. 3. Price \$850, equal to any \$2,000 Organ.
 Call and see them. Send for circular. Made only by
 S. S. HAMIL, Church Organ Builder
 22 101 Gore St., East Cambridge, Mass.
THE GREAT ENGLISH STAINED GLASS
 Is a fine toned Piano never requiring tuning, giving brilliancy and promptness to the organ, and is found only in
 Geo. Woods & Co.'s Parlor Organs.
 These remarkable instruments have created much enthusiasm by their great capacity for call effects. The profession, trade, and all interested in their own interests for particulars,
GEO. WOODS & CO.,
 CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass.,
 and Chicago, Ill.
THE GREAT ENGLISH STAINED GLASS
 "Welcome" Carpet Sweeper,
 [New in the Autumn of 1873. Greatly improved.]
 This new Carpet Sweeper is a simple and operation, being so simple as to require no experience to use it. It is so simple that a child can use it successfully. With it a few minutes are required to sweep the carpet of an ordinary sized room, and the surface carpet will be found clean, bright and free. It is so simple that it can be used in any room, and it is so simple that it can be used in any room.
 Price, \$3.50 Each.
 For sale in every State in the Union at Houses Furnishing, Hardware and General Stores. Can be had in any thriving town. Packed for convenience of mail orders, in boxes of 100 each.
 Boston - HALEY, MORSE & CO., New York.
 40000 Manufacturers.
THE GREAT ENGLISH STAINED GLASS
 A Perfect Crystal Polish!
 FOR CLEANING WINDOWS.
 Used without slops or cranes, more like the dust or litter. Its action is astonishing, more and more of made than any other. It is so simple that a child can use it successfully. With it a few minutes are required to sweep the carpet of an ordinary sized room, and the surface carpet will be found clean, bright and free. It is so simple that it can be used in any room, and it is so simple that it can be used in any room.
 The following testimonials are a sample of the letters we are receiving.
 "We having used your Crystalline find it satisfactory in every respect."
 "Very respectfully yours,"
 "ELLIS & WARREN, South Boston."
 "Having used your Crystalline we find it excellent in cleaning glass." Respectfully yours,
 "A. K. FULLER & Co.,
 Sole Agents for U.S., 26 Tremont St., Boston.
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.

Lesson XIII. Sunday, September 27.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

Review of Third Quarter.

LESSON I.

- 1 What can you tell about the author of this Gospel?
- 2 What can you tell about John the Baptist?
- 3 How did he prepare the way of the Lord Jesus?
- 4 Why did Jesus wish to be baptized?
- 5 How did John's baptism differ from that of Jesus?
- 6 What was meant by the Spirit?
- 7 Whose voice was heard from the heavens?
- 8 When was it heard again from the heavens?

LESSON II.

- 1 Who were Simon and Andrew?
- 2 What did Jesus mean by "fishers of men"?
- 3 Why did they follow Him?
- 4 What is meant by a synagogue?
- 5 What is an unclean spirit?
- 6 Why was the spirit excited in the presence of Jesus?
- 7 Why did Jesus drive him out of the man?
- 8 How were the people affected by this miracle?

LESSON III.

- 1 Why did Jesus leave Capernaum and go into other towns?
- 2 Who came asking a favor of Jesus?
- 3 Why did he not go to a physician?
- 4 What can you tell about leprosy?
- 5 Did this leper believe that Jesus could heal him?
- 6 Had this belief anything to do with his being healed?
- 7 Was not Jesus defiled by touching him?
- 8 Why did not Jesus heal all lepers?
- 9 Why did He tell this man to go to the priest?
- 10 Why did He tell him to say nothing to any man?
- 11 Does this teach us to keep still about salvation?
- 12 How is leprosy like sin?

LESSON IV.

- 1 Why did the multitude resort to Jesus?
- 2 What did He teach them?
- 3 Who was Levi?
- 4 What did Levi leave to follow Jesus?
- 5 Did it pay to do so?
- 6 Why did the Pharisees object to the course of Jesus?
- 7 Why did Jesus eat with publicans and sinners?
- 8 How would such a course help Him in His work?
- 9 Is it wrong to make a feast?

LESSON V.

- 1 What is meant by "corn fields"?
- 2 Why did the disciples eat the corn?
- 3 Was it wrong to take the grain?
- 4 Why did the Pharisees find fault?
- 5 How did Jesus reply to them?
- 6 For whom was the Sabbath made?
- 7 How is it kept as God designed it should be?

- 8 Had Christ a right to do what He would on the Sabbath day?
- 9 Why did the Pharisees watch Jesus?
- 10 What was the nature of Christ's anger?

LESSON VI.

- 1 Why did He pass over to the other side?
- 2 How many went over with Him?
- 3 Why did He sleep on the passage?
- 4 Was this an ordinary storm?
- 5 Why did the disciples turn to Him for help?
- 6 Did Jesus care for them?
- 7 Was their language to Him respectful?
- 8 Was it harder for Him to calm the winds than to arouse them?
- 9 Who controls nature?
- 10 Had the disciples perfect faith?
- 11 How did this miracle affect them?
- 12 Had they perfect faith in Him after it was performed?

LESSON VII.

- 1 Where was the country of the Gadarenes?
- 2 What is meant by "the tombs"?
- 3 Why did this man dwell in them?
- 4 How did the "unclean spirit" treat him?
- 5 Does sin always injure us?
- 6 What kind of worship did he give Jesus?
- 7 What did the unclean spirit fear?
- 8 Why did he call himself Legion?
- 9 Why did they ask to go into the swine?
- 10 What did the swine do?
- 11 Did they enjoy the society of the devils?
- 12 Why was the man worth more than the swine?
- 13 Which did the Gadarenes value most?
- 14 Why did not Jesus let the man go with Him?

LESSON VIII.

- 1 With whom was Jesus going?
- 2 How long had this woman been diseased?
- 3 What had she done to get well?
- 4 How did she approach Jesus?
- 5 Why did she touch the hem of His garment?
- 6 What did her faith do for her?
- 7 Was it faith or Jesus that cured her?
- 8 Did Jesus know who touched Him?
- 9 Why then did He ask?
- 10 Why was the woman afraid?
- 11 What good did her confession do her?
- 12 Can we touch Christ now?
- 13 Why did not the crowd get healed, seeing many of them touched Him?

LESSON IX.

- 1 Who was Jairus?
- 2 What did he want?

- 3 Why was he so earnest?
- 4 What news came to him by the way?
- 5 Why did Jesus tell him not to fear?
- 6 Who went with Him into the chamber?
- 7 What were the mourners doing?
- 8 Did Jesus condemn their conduct?
- 9 What did He mean by saying the damsel "sleepeth"?
- 10 Was she really dead?
- 11 What takes place at death?
- 12 Who gave her life?
- 13 What did He command them to do?
- 14 What will Jesus do to all the dead?

LESSON X.

- 1 Who was Herod?
- 2 How did he feel toward John?
- 3 Who was Herodias?
- 4 Why did she hate John?
- 5 What great feast was made?
- 6 What pledge did the king make?
- 7 What did the daughter ask?
- 8 Why was the king sorry?
- 9 Who buried John?

LESSON XI.

- 1 Why was Jesus moved with compassion?
- 2 What did they do all day?
- 3 Where were they?
- 4 How much food had they?
- 5 Who waited on the people?
- 6 How did they seat them?
- 7 What kind of a blessing did Christ ask?
- 8 How many were fed?
- 9 Where did Jesus get the food?
- 10 How much was left?

LESSON XII.

- 1 Who was this Syrophenician woman?
- 2 What did she want?
- 3 What hindrances did she meet?
- 4 What was meant by "the children"?
- 5 What was it gave her the victory?
- 6 Was this woman's faith reasonable?
- 7 Is such faith common?
- 8 How did it affect Christ?
- 9 How did she find her daughter?
- 10 What will faith do for us?

The Family.

A BEGGAR.

BY GEORGE H. FULLERTON.

O Lord! again I come to Thee,
Still begging for Thy charity;
I am a hungry beggar still—
A man whose pocket never fills;
It seems, O Lord! Thou wilt despise
This constant need, these constant cries.

Could I but pay for what I take,
And Thou dost give, my thirst to slake,
Then would I not a beggar feel;
Then need I not, shamefaced, kneel;
But naught do I this debt to pay,
Yet sink in deeper every day.

O Lord! O Lord! how much I cry;
Yet without Thee I quickly should die;
I am a beggar—only this,
But once Thou gavest me a kiss;
And when I did not forget
I know Thou art my Saviour yet.

Thou wouldst not have me feel such shame
When I beseech Thy blessed name;
I know Thou lovest me so well,
Thou likest thus Thy love to tell;
I'll try no more to feel so mean;
I'll try no more to subdue my spleen.

SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE.

To at least one dweller in our town,
A rainy day is as refreshing indoors as
out. This one can linger over the
morning paper and amber coffee a little
later than usual; write a long letter to
the "confidential friend;" read through
the last magazine; finish the difficult
shading of a painting; execute mending
with a delicious feeling of leisure
and security. No company from out
of town; no calls from those in. To
thoroughly enjoy a rainy day, one needs
to be at home; therefore to no person
is it a more unwelcome intruder than
to the brief sojourner from that haven
of independence. In this lovely local-
ity are many such to-day, for the tide
of visitors thronging our streets steadily
increases year by year.

This is the vale—not of humility,
as surely all the world must needs
know—but of the Merrimac, not less
celebrated in song and story than that
of Arno and Cashmere. The unceasing
adulation of home and foreign tongues
leave it with few pretensions to modesty.
It has placed names along the val-
leys, like jewels that will "on the
stretched forefinger of all time sparkle
forever." Every one knows them;
there are the Lowells and Longfellow;
the Whipples and Whittiers; the Par-
sons and Prescotts; the Adames, Web-
sters, and a host of others, making the
place illustrious in association, as it is
immortal in beauty. The drives, like
everything else here, are unsurpassed
in variety and point of attraction. Talk
of the delights of traveling between
Venice and Verona! but ride with me
from the port of Newbury to the Cape
of Ann, through woods that are superb
with scenic outlooks on the sea; through
picturesque towns, with villas
like ideals of a fairy home; through a
region a mosaic of reflection, lakes,
brooks and ponds. These last are per-
fect Hebes, with snowy cups of in-
fense, gold lined, filled to the brim
with intoxicating sweetness!

Of easy access to many beaches, their
chiefest charm is in their diversity. No
two are alike. At Winnicomet—
Indian for Hampton—are rocks and
ledges, and bold brown bluffs, flecked
with foam and spattered with spray.
Farther on, the groves of rye grow to
the water's edge; hard, solid ground
comes down to meet the sea. There is
no undertow, but plenty of New York-
ers. Nearer home is yet the beach,
par excellence—the paradise of sand
and sea, where the breakers are mag-
nificent, the surf immense, their effect
grandiose—where the great green walls
of trembling waters break, sending
their rushing splendor of whiteness far
up the yellow sands.

Through this valley runs the stream
that gives it name—the beautiful
mountain-born Merrimac, that yields
precedence to no blue Danube or lordly
Rhine; for is not the breath of praise
forever rippling its surface? Is it not
the recipient of perpetual homage? Do
not its lovers adore, and every summer
weave for it a laurel crown? Its crys-
talline depths reflect castellated towers,
pointed turrets, and peaked gables,
princely residences of ministers and
consuls from abroad. They pass the
Hudson on the way; and is this not
compliment enough? Like the St.
Lawrence, it is sometimes called the
river of islands. It has Ring's and
Carr's, Plum, Deer and Eagle's, where
the sun-risings and down-sittings make
others than poets and painters rave,
to say nothing of the wonderful charm
of the moonlight. Pleasure craft of
every description float on the broad and
lovely bayou into which it widens at its
mouth; gunners and whale boats, gir-
dals and joppa chaises, buoyant, airy
yachts and fishing schooners.

Near, too, half out at sea, half on her
green billows, rests a grand old city,
full of years and of repositful quiet.
Crowding must be elsewhere; it is
not here. There is plenty of room, and
a little imposing architecture. Quaint
old fashions prevail; square-cornered,
three-storyed, century-old houses and
embowering elms adorn the avenues.
We do not see their thrifty growth in
the young seasons of to-day. Horse-
cars and chain-bridge connect with two
busy communities on the other side of
the river, their bustle and energy in
striking contrast with the elegant lei-
sure of their elder sister—ship-build-
ing in one, carriage manufacturing in
the other, two, and the commotion of
mills in all. Here start the wheels that
run around the world; and up the
friendly streets do devotees repair,
making obeisance at the shrine of
genius. The ship-yards are vocal with
the sound of hammer and anvil; and
still there are festive scenes at launches
gay, as in the olden time, when from
their ways old ocean steamships and
clippers like the Dreadnaught. Demo-
cratic in feeling, the very best of
graded schools furnish an excellent ed-
ucation to children of almost every
nationality. Intensely patriotic, it was
the first to spring to arms in the wars
of the revolution and rebellion.

Many are the enticing features for
sportsmen, as here they troll for sea
fish, trout in the brooks, and blue-fish
in the rivers; or with powder, ball and
shot, pop! he can fill his hunter's
bag with peep and plover, yellow legs
and teal, far back among the reeds of
the sandy, hazy marshes.

And are these not attractions enough?
To verify the truth that the half has
not been told, O HERALD, come and see!
M. NEAL.

Amesbury, Mass., Aug., 1874.

HUNTING EGGS.

"Who wants to hunt eggs?" shouted
Charlie the bold;
"Who wants to go down on the hay?"
"I do," clamored Fannie and Will;
"And me, too!" pleaded three-year old
May.

So they rushed to the barn, helter-skelter,
anxious
Were driving about with a zest,
In the corners and rafters, the mangers and
hay.
To see who could find the first nest.

"And who gets the most eggs shall beg
grandma to bake
A cake we can share all around;
So Fannie suggested; and the boys cried
"Hurrah!"

"We'll have every egg can be found!"
Nimble Charlie went clambering about like
a cat,
And soon counted "one, two, three, four;"
And then, with the peary-white eggs in his
hat,
Slid carefully down to the door.

"There's a nest!" Fannie cried, from far
upon the mow,
"Right here in the hay! One, two, three!"
And in her white apron she gathered them
up.
As happy and glad as could be.

"Old Speckle on mine!" shouted Will; but
just then,
With a cackle, away flew the hen;
"Dear me!" said poor Will, "I was sure I
would beat
And here I have only got two!"

"Where's May?" they all questioned; "O,
where has she gone?"
"Here! here! I found a nest!"
And her curly brown head from the man-
ger popped up.
"Just under the nose of Black Bess."

"O! it still, May, or the horse may
bite!"
But she counted "one, two, three, four,
five!"
And they rushed to her rescue, with laugh
and with shout;
"She's got the most—sure as you live!"
But there she was, sitting in sweetest con-
tent;

And taking in her snug little lap
Five soft little kitties rolled into balls,
Contentedly taking a nap.

LARRY'S SEARCH FOR A KITE.

Little Larry was looking out of the
window, one day, and he was very much
interested in something, that was
certain; for he was as still as a mouse.
It was such a very uncommon thing
for Larry to be still, that mamma, or
some one else in the family, always
made it a point to inquire if he were
sick.

At length he shouted out, "hurrah
hurrah! I see an angel!"

"Why, Larry, what do you mean?"
asked mamma.

"What is the child talking about?"
inquired grandma, adjusting her spec-
tacles as she came to the window to
look at Larry's angel.

"There! don't you see it?" that thing
flying way up there?" said Larry,
pointing with his little fat finger. "I
wish I was up there, too. It looks
jolly to fly around like that."

"Why, my dear," said grandma,
"that's not an angel; that's a kite."

"A kite? What's that?" asked the
boy.

"Charlotte," said grandma, turning
to Larry's mother, "can it be possible
this boy has never seen a kite? If he
has never had one, and he the only boy
in the family, too, I shall see to getting
him one to-morrow."

"Well, grandma," she answered,
"I'll tell you how it is. You know
Larry is a restless boy (she would have
said mischievous, if Larry had not been
listening with all his ears, and eyes
too), and I have kept kites out of his
way as much as possible, for I always
had a great fear of his going on the
roof with me, and then falling and
breaking his neck."

"Well, now, don't you go to bor-
rowing trouble," said grandma; "just
let him expand, and be a boy."

"Oh, how nice Larry thought it was,
and dear old grandma, how she spoiled
every child she ever had anything to
do with!"

"Do, please, tell me, grandma,
what is a kite?" said Larry, his thoughts
still very much occupied with that cu-
rious looking thing in the sky.

Grandma knew that the boy would
be inquiring about that kite the whole
afternoon, if she did not explain, for
he was a most persistent little fellow,
and perfectly determined to have all
his questions answered.

So she told him all about it; how it
was made of paper and small sticks;
and so light that the wind would carry
it away up toward the sky; also that
it was fastened to a long string, and a
boy at the other end of the string
would draw the kite in by winding up
the cord. Larry stood and thought
over the boy and the string and the kite,
and finding that his mother and grand-
mother were very busy talking to-
gether, he quietly slipped out of the room.

"A boy at the other end of the
string, is there?" said he, as he went
down stairs. "I'm going to find him."

He went to the closet at the end of
the hall, took his cap off his nail, and
put it on. Then, as he was about to
close the door, his eye happened to
alight on his father's gold-headed cane,
and he thought if he should carry that
with him he would look quite like a
man. So he marched out of the door
and down the street with the cane over
his shoulder.

He walked on and on, some distance;
but there was no boy to be seen who
had anything to do with a kite. He
saw plenty of boys, here and there,
playing marbles, over which they were
quarreling as hard as they could, and
he passed about a dozen who seemed
to be having a good time kicking a
football around; but he kept on; he
had seen balls and marbles before;
but just then he wanted to find out
about that kite.

He looked so very comical, going
straight ahead, with that cane over his
shoulder, that sometimes people turned
their heads to look after him. One
man, as he came towards him, said,
"well, my little man, where are you
going?"

"I'm going to find a boy with a
kite," Larry answered; and on he
trudged.

After a while he walked mope
himself rather tired and hungry, and
he thought some good bit of bread
and butter would taste so good. He
tried to find his way back; but he
had gone so far from home that he was
quite puzzled about it, and didn't know
what to do. He would not cry, for he
thought that looked babyish for a boy
of four years old.

Just then a large boy came along,
and said, "here, youngster, give me
that cane," and tried to take it from
him; but Larry held on with all his
might, and answered right up, just like
the little man that he was.

"You can't have it! It's my papa's."
The boy would have made off with
it, if a gentleman passing at the time
had not interfered. Seeing, from Lar-
ry's honest face, that what he said was
true, he told the other boy to take him-
self off, unless he wanted a policeman
to help him. The boy went very
quickly, much to Larry's relief.

"Now, my boy," said the gentle-
man, "what are you going to do with
yourself? Does your papa know
where you are, and that you have his
cane with you?"

"No, said Larry; I run'd away. I
wanted to find a boy with a kite, and I
can't find him; I guess I'll go home."

"Where do you live, little fellow?"
"I don't know; but my name's Larry,
and I'm four years old."

"Well, what is your papa's name?"
inquired Larry's new friend.

"My papa's name is Mr. G'ren,"
said Larry.

He pronounced the name so broken-
ly, that Mr. Wirt, who was talking
with him, could not understand it suf-
ficiently to look in a directory, so he
concluded to take him to a police sta-
tion, where he thought likely his father
would telegraph for him.

He could not have done better, for
when they entered a policeman in-
quired if that was the lost boy, the de-
spatch having just come in in regard to
him.

Larry thought it was very fine to be
talking with such grand looking men
as these policemen were, with great
leathern belts on, and shining stars on
their breasts. He then made up his
mind, right off, that the next thing
to being a soldier was to be a police-
man. So he stood, staring admiringly
at the one to whom Mr. Wirt was talk-
ing, when he heard his name called.
He turned round, and there, to be sure,
was his papa; and it was so nice to see
him again.

After thanking Mr. Wirt very heartily
for taking care of his boy, Mr. Glen
hurried Larry into a street car, and
when they reached the house mamma
and grandma were standing at the
door looking for him.

"Oh, my dear child," said mamma,
"you can't tell how we worried us!"
"Charlotte," said grandma, "now
you've got him back, don't say anything
about worrying; just enjoy him."

Larry told his story, and why he
took his papa's cane; and when he had
finished papa and mamma forgave
him, because he was only four years
old, and didn't know any better.
Grandpa kissed him ever so many
times, and said, "bless his little heart!
he shall have his kite to-morrow, if my
old bones are able to go after it."
ELMER LYNDS.

TALKS WITH GRANDMA.

ALBERT'S WISH.

"Grandma," said Albert Grey, as he
came in from school one afternoon,
"you should have heard the boys talk-
ing at recess to-day!"

"What weighty subject engrossed
their conversation?" asked 'grandma,
smiling; "and why should I have heard
it?"

"I think you might, perhaps, have
set some of them to thinking differ-
ently. We were talking of what we should
be when we were grown. Some said
they were determined to be rich, others
wanted to be great, and little Johnny
Martin said he hoped he should be
good."

"And what was your wish, Albert?"
"I said, grandma, that I intended to
try and be all three. Don't you think I
can, if I try very hard?"

"Yes, I think you may, my boy; but
perhaps our definitions of the words do
not agree. Come, let us compare them."

"Why, grandma, how can there be
two definitions to them?"

"We will see! First, you wish to be
rich. How will you go about it?"

"Well, I will try my best to learn all
I can at school about everything. Then,
as soon as I am old enough, I will en-
ter into the business for which I am
best fitted, and work steadily at it. I
will be industrious and frugal, do with-
out everything that I do not really
need, and spend no money but what is
absolutely necessary. I will also be
constantly investing my gains in such
a way that they may rapidly increase.
Is not that a good way of getting rich?"

"It is one way, certainly! Now for
the next. What is it to be great?"

"Why—why, I hardly know. It is
to perform some high act of bravery, so
that the whole world may talk of you.
It is to do something—something won-
derful, at any rate."

Grandma smiled. "Your ideas are
not quite so clear on the subject of
greatness as wealth. But how do you
propose to attain to this wonderful
something?"

"O, I shall find out," answered Al-
bert, confidently, "though I don't know
now, exactly."

"And what is it to be good?"
"It is to keep the commandments,
do what is right, help the Church, give
alms to the poor, and—all that sort
of thing, you know, grandma."

"Well, Albert, I think, if I had been
at school to-day, you would have been
one before whom I should have tried
to put things in a different light; and
before I give my meaning of the words,
I wish to show you how, according to
your own ideas, you would build on a
sandy foundation, and the whole edifice
would soon fall in ruins. How can you
secure riches, in your way, if you are
endeavoring to perform some great
and noble action? You cannot be giv-
ing thought to the accumulation of dol-
lars and cents and the achievement of
something wonderful at the same time.

And will not the bestowing of alms on
the poor, and giving aid to the Church,
detract materially from the gains of
demonstration?"

Albert looked blank. "Yes, ma'am;
I see," he said slowly. "O, grandma!
how you do take a person down!"

"It is that I may fill them up," an-
swered grandma, gently. "And now
shall I tell you how you may have your
wish?"

"I should like to hear."

"I would, then, have you diligent in
your business, for such is the divine com-
mand, and the slothful are condemned;
nor would I wish to undervalue gold,
which was intended as a blessing to
mankind; only, I would have you place
a right estimate upon its value and
uses, and regard it as the means of
attaining a certain end, and not the end
itself. Let your highest aim be to
grow rich in faith; in love to God and
man; in charity to all. Do not imagine
that those only are happy who possess
a great portion of this world's goods,
for never was there a greater mistake;
and how useless it seems to struggle
and toil our lives away for that which
must so shortly be left. Surely we can
bear these discomforts which lack of
money may sometimes bring, since our
journey will soon be over. Let us
rather seek after those incorruptible
riches which cannot perish. All the
gold from all the mines of the world, if
gathered together, would never ease
one last hour, bring consolation to one
dying spirit, or give a single passport
within the gates of heaven."

"And, to be great you must be hum-
ble, that you may be exalted. To fol-
low the Golden Rule, and to do all you
can for others, may sometimes demand
sacrifice. That will make you great
in the eyes of your Heavenly Father;
that will shed as noble a lustre on your
record, as though you had worn a
crown. To be good, dear child, 'Pure
religion and undefiled, before God and
the Father, is this: to visit the father-
less and widows in their affliction, and
to keep himself unspotted from the
world.' Do not forget these last words,
Albert, for in them lies the essence of
all things pure and good."

"I have been thinking, during your
conversation," said Mr. Grey, "that
we should make and save all we can,
so as to be able to leave something to
our children after we are gone."

"It would be better, I think, to so
train them that they may take care of
themselves. Let each generation per-
form its own labor. 'Man shall earn
his bread by the sweat of his brow,'
was said, not of one, but of all; and
sooner or later it will be fulfilled."—
The Wayside.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

THE APPLE-TREE'S STORY.

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

I am an old apple tree, who have
stood for years in a corner of the large
orchard. Would you like to know
my history?

Many years before you, my dear
little friends, were born, a boy and
girl ran out of the farm-house, yon-
der, down toward the brook.

"My apple! give me my apple!"
cried the girl, as the boy turned his
head to see how near she was to him.

"Not until you catch me!"—but
he got no farther, for he had stubbed
his toe against a stone hidden in the
grass, and fallen; and the apple had
rolled beyond his reach. Before he
regained his feet the little girl held
it up triumphantly. Just then, through
the stillness, was heard a soft voice,—

"Little children, love one another."
Startled, they looked about in every
direction, but saw no one

